

THE LARIAT

ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL
OAKLAND CALIFORNIA

長命富貴

long life wealth health

Ardene Hoyt

Rodney Lang

F. Yeu Yrner.

Evelyn Wilkening '27

Hulda F. Rumer

Victoria Hartman


MY
BOOK



THE LARIAT

ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL

1926



In loving memory of our first principal,
Elizabeth Arlett,
The Mother of Roosevelt High School,
we, her students, dedicate
this book.

In Memoriam

The death of Miss Elizabeth Arlett, principal of the Roosevelt High School, which occurred on the afternoon of April 13th, marks the passing of a great teacher, a great executive—a great woman.

Entering the public schools of Oakland as a teacher in 1902, Miss Arlett taught successfully in the Franklin, Intermediate, and Laurel Schools and later was in successful charge of the Manzanita, Fruitvale, Hamilton Junior High, Intermediate, and Roosevelt High Schools.

The organization and establishment of Alexander Hamilton Junior High and of Roosevelt High Schools were tasks of greater scope and importance than falls to the lot of many educators to undertake. Both of these institutions now stand as abiding monuments to the great capacity of Miss Arlett to do great things.

With the wonderful talents which made Miss Arlett prominent, there were combined those rarer ones which made her beloved by her students. She felt that not all the prudence that maturer life had given her could entirely supplant the penetrating intuitions of youth; so she not only fostered youth's confidence in itself but at heart deeply respected its claims and views, always making clear the vital distinction between the fundamental and the superficial. Miss Arlett's students were her friends—living testimonials to the warmth of her affections for them, and theirs for her. In the passing of Miss Arlett, the men and women of the Roosevelt Faculty have lost a Comrade—a friend.

To Our Comrade - Friend

Ah, yes! I know there's gone from out our midst
A leader—noble, wise, serene, and great,
Whose character, accomplishments, renown,
Will be on every tongue throughout our state.

These things I know are true; and yet as I
Look back upon those days so soon to end,
The greatness of her talents, gifts, and deeds
Is blurred into the background of—my friend.

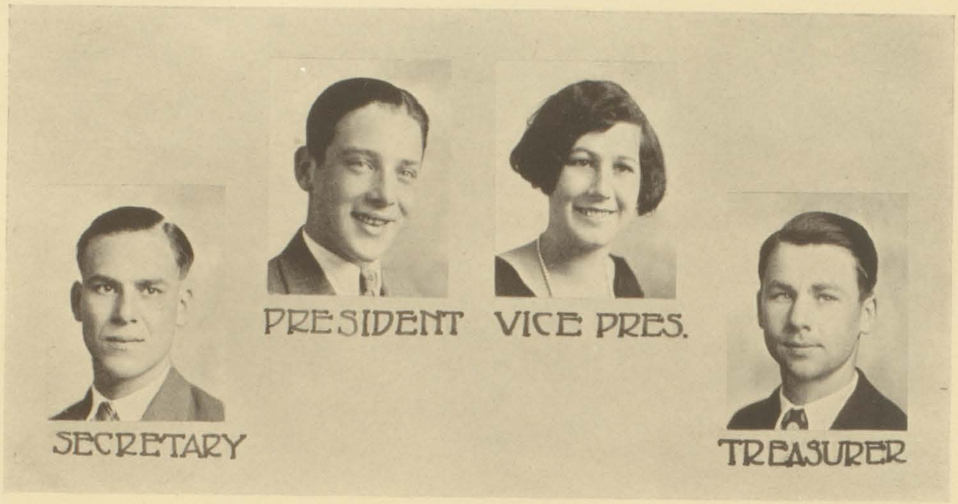
Sometimes in days to come, when stinging care
And petty problems stifle all the glow
Of that horizon fair toward which she set our gaze,
We shall recall our comrade's smile, I know.

The generous spirit no defeat could dim
The staunch unswerving loyalty to right,
The happy gift to live in our concerns,
Our failures shared, our victories her delight.

And so I wonder now if "over there"
Where rest and quiet beauty end all strife,
She will not know that there abides in us
The sturdy, gracious influence of her life.

Let others her achievements laud—her fame;
The greatest earthly triumphs, fleeting, end.
We'll keep enshrined forever in our hearts
The memory of a comrade, dear—our friend!





Oscar Dowe *Wilfrid Madsen* *Beulah Haslett* *Edgar Lewis*

Class of January 1926

(Scene—In the corridors of the school on the hilltop a stranger is standing. He hears chorus in the distance singing, "Here's to the School We Love the Best." School Spirit, a jolly young fellow, meets the stranger and heartily greets him.)

Stranger—"Who is singing that beautiful song, School Spirit?"

Spirit—"That is the Class of January, 1926. You came just at the right time. They are assembled in one of their rooms for a weekly Sing-song. They are determined to make this school famous for its music. A singing school—that is what they wish to be called.

Stranger—"A singing school—well, well. That's a beautiful idea. Tell me about this class."

(Spirit and the Stranger sit on step in hallway and Spirit tells about the class as the Stranger eagerly listens.)

Spirit—They are a small band. When I was but a very young fellow in 1924, they were the second highest class in the school. They were Juniors then, and they organized and elected their officers. Eager to prove to the school that they were loyal supporters of me, each member took it upon himself to excel in some school activity. Some entered athletics. One was Captain of the Baseball Team, another prominent in track and football. Those who were leaders and interested in club work found their places as officers in various school organizations. Two were presidents of the English Club, and others held various offices. Many members in this class led the honor roll, and some held Student Body offices."

Stranger—"A fine record. The school should have been proud of them."

Spirit—"They were. This class also gave some fine parties. Their Junior Dinner Dance will not be forgotten. Their Senior Ball, a Japanese Garden for decorations, was picturesque. A pagoda was in the center of the gymnasium, in which a fountain flowed. It was made with a large square tub. A funny incident happened. It could not be removed. Not one of the doors was large enough. They thought it would have to be permanented. Hah, hah! (laughs heartily). You see, the seniors left the school a real reminder of what they did in their day. They also gave a splendid Christmas Luncheon."

Stranger—"And now they are graduating."

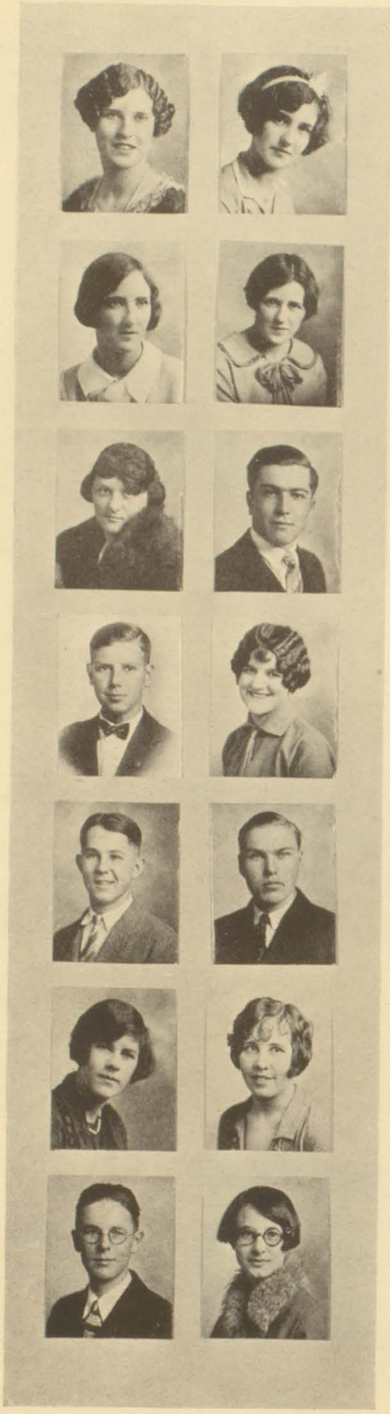
Spirit—"Yes, many are entering college, and many will go into business; but all with the pioneer spirit, and all with the thought that is so beautifully written on the walls of their assembly hall—Don't flinch—don't foul! Hit the line hard! The spirit of Roosevelt!" (Stranger and spirit rise. They hear the strains of a new song. They stop to listen).

Spirit—"And now the seniors are singing their own song, composed by one of their own members."

(Seniors sing to the tune of the popular air "Summer Nights.")

"Roosevelt days, we'll soon be leaving you,
Roosevelt days, we will remember too.
Side by side we seniors have spent here.
We have made a pathway bright and clear.
Roosevelt days have made us seniors true;
We'll take up our struggle all anew.
Best we leave you
Roosevelt dear.
We have had our
Good times here
Roosevelt days! We'll soon be leaving you!"





MINNIE MAUDE ARMSTRONG—Secretary of Low Senior Girls; Secretary of High Senior Girls; Vice-President of High Senior Class; Social Service Club; P. E. Club.

ADELENA AVILLA—Volley Ball '24; Basket '25; English Club '25; Girls' Glee '25; Girls' Jinx '25.

GRACE BADIE—Vice-president of Junior Class '25; President Junior Girls '25; Vice-president Sophomore Girls '25; Girls' Champion Speedball '25.

VI B. BADIE—President Low Junior Girls '23; Captain Girls' Championship Basketball Team '25; Vice-president High Senior Girls '25.

GERTRUDE BARTH—1st Orchestra '25; Visual Education Club '24: Girls' Glee Club '25.

FRED BOHENNA—Glee Club ;Vice-president of the Honor Study Hall; Vice-president High Senior Boys' major; English Club; Member of the first school dance orchestra.

ROBERT BOLANDER — President of the High Senior Boys' major '25; K. K. K. '25; Spanish Club '24; Orchestra '24; Office Service '25.

MARY LOUISE CAMERON—English Club; Visual Education Club; Social Service.

LEROY CAMERON—Football '24, '25; Track '24, '25; Crew '24, '25; Hall Committee '24; English Club '25.

LENNART CEDERBORG—1st Lieutenant R. O. T. C. '25; Debating Club; Latin Club; Rifle Team; Secretary High Sophomore major '24.

ELEANOR CLARK—Glee Club; Spanish Club; Girls' Volley Ball Team '24.

EVELYN CRAIG—Crimson Staff '25; English Club '25: Social Service '25.

JOHN DIONYSIUS—Orchestra '24, '25; Hall Committee '25; Dramatics '25; Glee Club '24, '25.

JOAN DOUGLAS—Crimson Staff '25; Dramatics '25; Short Story Club '25; Girls' Volley Ball Team '24; Lariat '25.

OSCAR DOWE—Football '24; Vice-president High Junior Boys' '24; Vice-president Student Body '25; Secretary Senior Class '26; President Low Senior Boys '25.

DOROTHY EICHENWALD—Short Story Club '24; Latin Club '24; El Club Figaro '25; K. K. K. '25; Roosevelt Forum '25.

BROWNIE FISHER—English Club '25; Rifle Club '24; Volley Ball '24; Yell Leader High Junior Girls; El Club Figaro '24.

ELLA FISHER—Baseball '25; Basketball '25; Volley Ball '25; English Club '25; Spanish Club '25.

LETA FOSTER—Associate Editor Girls' Edition of Crimson; Debating Club; Crew '25; Volley Ball '24; Art Club.

IDA GARFINKLE—Forum '25; Social Service '25; English Club '25; Social Service Club '25.

OLIVIA GONZALES—Dramatics '25; President Spanish Club '25; Social Service; Baseball '25; P. E. Club.

BEULAH HASLETT—President Low Senior Girls; Vice-president Low Senior Class; President High Senior Girls.

BLANCHE LARSEN—English Club '25; Social Service Club '25; Banking '25; Low Senior Program Entertainment Committee '25.

GEORGE LEVERING—President Student Body '25; President Low Senior Class '25; President English Club '25; R. O. T. C. Captain '25; Crimson Staff '24; Associate Editor of the Lariat '25.

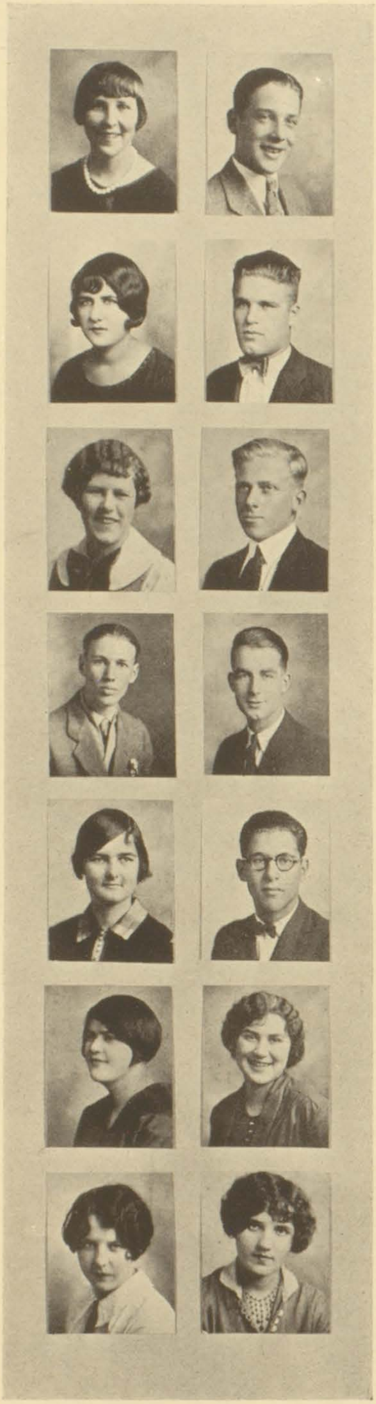
EDGAR LEWIS—Treasurer Senior Class '25; Swimming Team '25; Spanish Club '24, '25; English Club '25; Classification Basket Ball '25.

PAUL LORETZ—Treasurer High Senior Boys; English Club; Hall Committee.

MAY LILLIAN LOUIE—Visual Education Club '24, '25; English Club '25; Carmencia Club '24; I. S. U. S. Club '25.

GERTRUDE MCCANN—Social Service Club '25; Speedball '25.





ALICE McMASTER—Orchestra; Social Service Club; Trio; English Club.

WILFRED MADSEN—President High Senior Class '25; K. K. K. '25; Hilltop Workshop; English Club '25; Pilot on Crew '24.

CECILIA MAILHO—French Club; I. S. U. S. Club; English Club; Glee Club; Social Service Club.

MELVIN M E L L O—President Junior Class '24; Captain Baseball Team '25; Football '25; Hall Committee '25; Debating Club '25.

GUNVOR PAULSEN—President High Junior Girls; Baseball Manager '25; Captain of Low Senior Baseball Team '25; Tennis Team '25; Volley Ball Team '24.

RUSSELL PETERMAN—Decoration Committee of High Senior Ball.

CLAUDE PETTY—Winner of Lariat Short Story Contest '26; Short Story Club '25; Jazz Orchestra '25; Feature Editor of Crimson '25, '26.

RICHARD PFEIFFER—Debating Club '25; Junior Class Yell Leader '24; English Club '25; Spanish Club '25; Varsity Football '25.

AMY RINEHART—Associate Editor Lariat '26; President of English Club; Crimson '24, '25; Secretary Short Story Club '26; Social Service Club.

RALPH E. ROGERS—Crew '24; President Spanish Club '24, '25; Secretary-Treasurer Spanish Club '25; Short Story Club '25; K. K. K. '25.

LORETTA SAPPERS—Social Service '25; Basketball '25; Volley Ball '25.

MARGARET SEABURY—Art Club; Visual Education Club; English Club.

ETHEL SIEVERS—English Club '24, '25; Secretary of Low Junior Girls; Social Service Club '25.

DOLORES SKARICH—Volley Ball Team '24; Basket Ball Team '24, '25; Social Service Club '25; Spanish Club '25; P. E. Club.

MILDRED SPEEKMAN—Girls' Sport Editor for the Lariat '25; Social Service '25; Crimson Staff '24, '25.

ETHEL TORWICK—Orchestra; English Club; Trio.

EDITH THOMPSON—English Club '25; Low Junior Treasurer; Class Day; Art Club '25; Biology Club '24, '25.

HAZEL THULLEN—Spanish Club '24; Dramatics '24; Social Service Club '25; Crimson Staff '25.

ELSIE WARREN—Girls' Yell Leader '24; Secretary Girls '24; Girls' Jinx '24; Rifle Club '24; Volley Ball '24; Crew '25.

JESSIE WALTERS—Social Service '25; K. K. K. '25; President Low Sophomore Girls '24; President Visual Education Club '25.

DOROTHY WELTON—Spanish Club; English Club; Debating Club; Rifle Club; Orchestra.

HELEN WONG—Social Service Club; Girls' Glee Club '24, '25; English Club '25; Class Day '25; Musicians' Club '25.

KATHERINE WOO—Social Service Club '25; English Club '25.

WALTER WOOD—2nd Lieutenant R. O. T. C. '24; Captain R. O. T. C. '25; Rifle Team '24, '25; Inter School Rifle Matches; Hearst Trophie Rifle Matches; Individual Rifle Manual Competition '24.

MABEL YOUNGMAN—Banking '25; English Club '25; Social Service Club '25.



January Seniorscope

NAME	APPEARANCE	SPORT	IDEAL	DESTINY
Minnie Armstrong	Up and down	Counting cash	Rockerfeller	Poor house
Adeline Avilla	Gloria Swanson	Looking pretty	Movies	Movies
Grace Badie	Smiles	Smiling	Smiler	More smiles
Vi Badie	Everywhere	Being Vi	Vi	Just ''Vi''
Gertrude Barth	Tuneful	Tickling piano keys	Henry Holstead	Microphone Musician
Fred Bohenna	Macbeth	Talking	Perfect prevaricator	Organ grinder
Bob Bolander	Youngish	Showing 'em how	Daredevil	Cow puncher
Leroy Cameron	Daniel Webster	Racing	Dignified senior	Parson
Mary Louise Cameron	Smily 'round the eyes	Looking pleasant	Good nature himself	Salvation Army
Lennart Cederborg	Inexpugnable	Playing Baptista	John Barrymore	Philosopher
Eleanor Clark	Well mannered	Talking	Big sister	Growing up
Nick Clecak	Bored	Nil	I wonder	?
Evelyn Craig	Brown eyes	Making eyes	She has her eyes on him	Optician
John Dionysius	Greek God	Raving	Soap box speaker	Big brother on radio
Joan Douglas	Ceiling scraper	Reporting	Perfect reporter	Press office
Oscar Dowe	Burnt	Growing mustache	Santa Claus	Barber
Dorothy Eichenwald	Curley	Dramatizing	Miss Jordan	Foot lights
Brownie Fisher	Quiet	Studying major period	Longer noon hour	Retired school girl
Ella Fisher	Serene	Acquiring knowledge	Einstein	Alchemest
Leta Foster	Mary Pickford	Drawling	School ma'am	Board of Education
Ida Garfinkle	Book worm	Reading	Alma Mater	Librarian
Olivia Gonzales	Tetrazene	Laughing	Guess who?	Metropolitan Opera Co.
Buelah Haslett	Red head	Vamping	Mrs. Nelson	Cook
Blanche Larson	Beauty parlor ad	Wearing his scarf	'Certain party of mine'	Nest in the West
George Levering	Boyish	Playing soldier	Gen. Pershing	President
Edgar Lewis	Jackie Coogan	Busting up meetings	Bessie	Painless Parker
Paul Loretz	Skeptical	Sketching	George McManus	Cartoonist
May Louie	Sweet May	Translating	Miss Taylor	Charity worker
Bud Madsen	Good looking	Finding good-looking girls	Good-looking girls	Fashion plate
Cecelia Mailho	Frenchy	Parlez-vouzing	Miss Myers	French waitress
Gert McCann	Fuzzy	Sporting	Miss Graham	Zeigfield Follies
Jew Mello	Methuselah	Terrible	Babe Ruth	Home (base)
Gunvor Paulson	Racket swinger	Tennis	Helen Wills	Cannes Courts
Alice McMaster	Dutch girl	Telling stories	Hans Christian Anderson	A good neighbor
Russel Peterman	Father Time	Carrying brief case	Brunette	Chimney sweep
Claude Petty	So-so	Playing jazz	Hugh Walpole	Walpole
Dick Pfeiffer	''Never let a face deceive you''	Lisping	Fritz Kreesler	Bank master
Amy Rinehart	Goggles	Running for office	Mary Roberts Rinehart	Politician
Ralph Rogers	Land lubber	Sailing	Admiral Dewey	Watery grave
Loretta Sappers	Short	Getting taller	When I grow up	Six-footer
Margaret Seabury	Artful	Designing	H. J. Wells	Paris
Ethel Sievers	Enough	Clothes	Clothes	Clothes horse
Dolores Skarich	A great deal	Making up	That school girl complexion	Make up artist
Mildred Speekman	Chick	''Tangoeing''	Spanish type	Tango dancer
Edith Thompson	Business woman	Busying	Mr. Gridley	Efficiency expert
Hazel Thullen	Golden	Gold digging	Gold	Gold digger
Ethel Torwick	Nice	Fiddling	Mr. Olker	Fiddler
Jessie Walters	Egyptian	Trilling	Co-ed	Campus
Elsie Warren	Brunette	Being Elsie	Jimmy	Hopeful
Dorothy Welton	Talker	Talking	J. P. anouncing	Selling talking machines
Helen Wong	Short and sweet	Not growing	Brief	Briefer
Katherine Woo	Efficient	Being good	Big brother	Being like big brother
Walter Wood	Masculine	Giving orders	Orderliness	Road Boss
Mabel Youngman	May-belle	Chewing	Wrigleys	The Altar

June Seniorscope

Mona Agard	Saucy	Translating radio notes	Electrician	He hasn't decided
Faye Berner	Pensive	Counting coins	Mr. Jacobsen	Congress
Carl Blunk	Noisy	Talking	Carl	Butcher shop
Ray Brady	Sleepy	Drinking milk	Cows	Dairy
Frank Brunski	Military	Changing girls	She	Child specialist
Dorothy Clancy	Irish	Chemistry	Sh!	Matrimony
Margaret Climo	Marcelled	House breaking	Margaret	Housewife
Bernice Constantine	Cunning	Laughing	He's at McClymonds	Vaudeville
Anna Cox	Just right	Watching basket ball	Athletics	Wedlock
Paul Cunningham	Imposing	Yodling	Allison	Y. M. C. A.
Bob Curran	Batty	Baseball	First base	Home (run)
Abe Doty	Hard	Mixing	Ed. Doty	Concrete mixer
Cordell Durrell	Speedy	Mounting Lariat snaps	Milliken-Gale	Scientist
Orin Farris	Quiet	R. O. T. C.	Dixie	Madhouse
Frances Fedick	Sweet and gentle	Meowing	Felix	Fiddler
Marie Forsse	Splashy	Splashing (paint)	Mr. Crites	Art gallery

NAME	APPEARANCE	HOBBY	IDEAL	DESTINY
Arthur Gordon	Stunted	Growing	Height	6' 2''
Walter Gouvea	Dramatic	Dramatics	Emotional pretense	Hippodrome
Alice Grozos	Dark	Politics	Henry Ford	The altar
Irene Hammond	Exciting	Campaigning	Jackie Coogan	Saleslady
Charlotte Hanley	Neat	Yelling	Valentino	B. A.
Eleanor Hanna	Lots	Preaching	Jack Dempsey	Paris
Miriam Harkins	All there	Reporting	Socrates	Reporter
Ruby Hart	Little, but oh my!	Cutting up	Skeezics	Circus
Roy Hauser	Cut down	Cutting up	Revenue cutter	Scissors factory
Sara Haycock	Marcelled	Grammar	Paris	School ma'am
Florence Hiney	Serene	Reducing	We wonder	Hiney
Jesse Holdsworth	Long	Looking dumb	Cigar store Indian	Mattress tester
Grace Hovland	Graceful	Being graceful	Venus	Artist's model
Helena Hayden	Chic	Vamping	Gone	Wings and a harp
Ida Jacobson	Unsophisticated	None	Orator	Radio announcer
Roy Johnson	Wise	Wise cracks	She's not here	Traveling salesman
Lloyd Joyce	Fast	Track	440	Tape
Louis Jurs	Timid	Camping out	Boy Scouts	Camp Fire Girls
Donna Kohler	All there	Banking	Unprintable	Way up the ladder
Alice Kulchar	5'	Stretching	5' 1''	5'
Neil Leash	Artistic	Drowning	Flaxseed	Janitor of an art gallery
Valeria Lengyl	Nice	Being nice	Nice ones	Nicest
Lucille Lofton	Efficient	Daily dozen	Bernard	Don't you know?
Lysander Logan	Wavy	Paper curling	Went with the Ford	Beauty parlor
Ray Mello	Goggles	Reading	Circus rider	Wrigley's gum salesman
Anna Messinger	Sweet	Smilling	Now I wonder	Sh?
Margaret McCombs	Imposing	Appearing in public	Miss McEntyre	Greenwich Village
Charles McGeorge	Tall	Talking	Mr. Coolidge	President, U. S.
Margaret McFarland	Scrumptious	Laughing	Can't tell	Dramatics
John McSweeny	Long	Commercial law	Cunningham	Reno
Elsie Meier	Fickle	Fiddling	Alfred Hertz	Musician
Virginia Morris	Happy	Riding	Try and find out	Jockey
Thomas Murray	Business-like	Banking	Mr. Gridley	Wall Street
Stanley Nielson	Shrinking	Reducing	Jesse	Opera
Maida Newkirk	Short	To grow	Only time will tell	Wedlock
Dave Norris	Kinky	Studying	Mrs. Jones	Missouri
Ethel Ostman	Wide	Making eyes	Tillie the toiler	Missionary
Anna Pellisier	Quiet	Keeping	France	Coquette
Ernest Perry	Sheikie	Snaky	Valentino	Movies
Mildred Petersen	Lofty	Music	Mr. Olker	Footlights
Harold Philips	Wavy	Music	Brilliantine	Chemist
Kathryn Phillips	Spiffy	Winking	6' 2''	Movies
Helen Power	Efficient	Keeping quiet	Miss Ruch	Operas
Louise Raisin	Lively	Living	Life	Altar
Brooks Rice	Granny	Piano	Wheat	Engineer
Charles Rosenberg	Romantic	Preceptor	Evangeline	Reno
Bernard Rosenblum	Cherubic	Singing	Post Enquirer	Shopping News
Esther Rothman	Coquette	Dancing	Sheiks	Movies
Clara Ryder	Business-like	Pushing the pen	Blue eyes	Scribbler
Bob Sandstrom	Athletic	Anna	Anna	Anna
George Schnabel	Patent leather	Girls	Girls	Sorority
Mark Sever	Demure	Throwing slams	William J. Bryan	Bolshevik
Viola Schmidt	Flower-like	Giggling	Flour	Flowers
Nadine Shockey	Sufficient	Executing music	Mr. Polley	An ''X'' giver
Kathryn Simpson	Petite	Going	6' 2''	Barnum & Bailey
Lorin Smith	Sphinx-like	Quiet	Coolidge	Preacher
Lila Sterling	Quiet	Sympathizing	Miss McEntyre	Ask her
Lois Stewart	Carefree	Bobbed hair	He's away	School ma'am
Helena Stockholm	Bashful	Singing	McCormick	The stage
Catherine Stevens	Milk and Roses	Operettas	Cath	Footlights
Bessie Sutherland	Very Bashful	She's not playful	Lost him	Orange blosoms
Mabel Swanson	Blonde	Singing	Gloria Swanson	Doubtful
Evelyn Sweitzer	Little	Growing up	It's a he	Housewife
Elmer Teahan	Runty	Elaine	Pigskin	Bugs
Linda Thompson	Hurried	All of them	Red Grange	Doesn't know yet
James Vierra	Blonde	Spit-ball	Walt Johnson	The box
Reginald Walker	Gigantic	Physiology	Mr. Wells	Mills College
Gertrude Willard	Adorable	Farming	Hasn't any	Farmerette
Dorothy Wilson	Lonely	Being agreeable	Lots of 'em	Vamp?
Wilma Wood	Deceiving	Dancing	Lacking	Old maid
Dolores Worthington	5' 4''	Arguing	Mr. Jacobsen	Chorus girl
Bernice Weimann	Red head	Art	The Lariat	You'd be surprised
Jean Zeis	Snappy	Talking	The Boy Friend	Governess
Kathryn Zellers	Very much	Stepping	Columbus	Vamp



Jesse Holdsworth Kathryn Phillips

Miriam Harkins Brooks Rice

Class of June '26

Somewhere the chimes were ringing clear
Telling the birth of a glad New Year,
'23 had come at last,
For '22 was now gone past.
And Father Time awoke to see
Who this mighty hoard might be;
For up the hill it tore along—
This mighty mob one hundred strong.
Said he, "T'is what the New Year brings,
Oh, may it be a school that sings."
Amongst the crowd assembled there
He noticed many a genius fair,
No fresh greenness was their lot
Somehow they seemed to understand
That this was theirs—their home—their land.
Said Old Man Time, "Now I declare,
Some bright youths are gathered there.
I could avoid some tiresome blunders,
By placing together these youthful wonders."
And this he did with all post haste;
Showing again that Time has taste.

The Class of '26 you'll be,
A class of everlasting glee.
And then he turned his hour glass

To watch our gains as time did pass.
His choosing made us a mighty team;
(Besides we lacked the usual green.)
And so, as Sophs we started here
In '23; that good old year
Georgie Schnabel, some shiek, some turk,
Became Crimson Editor and started the work.
Always keen, awake, alive,
We furnished three editors out of five!

Always happy has been the past,
We've had more socials than any class;
We've welcomed every holiday
With many a party superb and gay.
And all roads led to the Senior ball
For, of the best, 'twas the best of all!
Our presidents too, Jew, Carl and Jess,
Put us over the top we must confess,
They kept us leading in every race,
Making us room in the highest place.
Some from our midst lead the honor roll,
One hundred per cent was our only goal!

Leading club presidents came from our midst,
We've held 'em all; go look on the list.
Team captains too, they chose from us,
WE were Roosevelt's nucleus.
We have more than done our share,
With ready will and loving care.
With worthwhile deeds and mighty acts.
And now we leave, with deep regret.
We've had our time; 'twas good, you bet.
One thing we're sure, that these years score,
The sweetest in our life's memoir.





MONA AGARD—Associate Editor of Crimson '26; Low Senior Dinner Dance Committee '25; Short Story Club '25, '26; Delegate to Stanford Press Convention '25.

FAYE E. BERNER—Bank '25, '26; English Club '25, '26; Social Service Club '25.

CARL BLUNCK—President High Junior Class '25; President Major 116 '24; Chairman of Block 'R' '26; President Debating Club '25; Chairman of Petition Committee K. K. K. June '25, '26.

RAYMOND BRADY—Latin Club '24; Orchestra '25, '26; Crew '26; English Club '26.

FRANK BRUNSKI—Varsity Track Team '24; 2nd Student Body President; Captain and Major '25; President K. K. K. '25; Lt.-Colonel and Colonel.

DOROTHY CLANCY—President French Club '24; Dramatics '25, '26; Hostess Education Week '25; P. E. Club '26; English Club '25, '26.

MARGARET CLIMO—English Club '25; Reception Committee Low Senior Dinner Dance '25; Visual Education Club '25.

BERNICE CONSTANTINE—English Club '25; Decorating Committee Low Senior Dinner Dance '25; Visual Education Club '25.

ANNA COX—President High 12 Girls' Major '26; K. K. K. '26; Social Service Club '25, '26; Basketball '26.

PAUL CUNNINGHAM—Football '25; Basketball '26.

ROBERT CURRAN—1st Orchestra '24, '25, '26; English Club '25, '26; Varsity Baseball '26; Classification Track '25.

ABRAHAM DOTY—President of Roosevelt Forum '26; K. K. K. '25, '26; English Club '25, '26; "R" Committee '26.

CORDELL DURREL—President K. K. K. '26; Vice-president Debating Club '26; Secretary Low Senior Class '26; Program Committee K. K. K. '26.

ORRIN FARRIS—R. O. T. C. Sergeant '25, '26; R. O. T. C. Rifle Team '24, '26; K. K. K. '25; Assistant Stage Electrician '25.

FRANCES FEDICK—K. K. K. '26; French Club '24, '25; Musicians' Club '25, '26; Roosevelt Serenaders '25; P. E. Club '26.

MARIE FORSSE—Art Club '26; French Club '24, '26; Girls' Jinx '25; English Club '26.

ARTHUR GORDON—Classification Basketball '24, '25.

WALTER GOUVEA—Business Manager of Crimson '23; Workshop '24. '25, '26; Varsity Football '24, '25; Class Basketball; Radio Editor of Crimson '24.

ALICE GROZOS—English Club '26: French Club '26.

IRENE HAMMOND—I. S. U. S. '25; Bank '26; Committee Junior Dinner Dance '25.

CHARLOTTE HANLEY—Crew '24, '25, '26; Class Day '25; Girls' Jinx '25; K. K. K. '26; Editor of Major Book of 120 '24, '25.

ELEANOR HANNA—President French Club '25; Speedball '25; K. K. K. '25, '26; Debating Club '26.

MIRIAM HARKINS—Secretary High Junior Class '25; Secretary High Junior Class '26; Secretary K. K. K. '26; Lariat Staff '26; Publicity Editor Crimson Staff '26.

RUBY HART—Dramatics '25, '26; Social Service '25, '26; P. E. Club '25, '26; Class Day '25; Spanish Club '25, '26.

ROY HAUSER—K. K. K. '26; Class Basketball '24.

SARA HAYCOCK—Secretary Low Senior Class '25; Crew '25, '26; K. K. K. '26; English Club '26.

HELENA HAYDEN—Class Day '25; Baseball '24; Dramatics '26; Debating Club '25, '26.

FLORENCE HINEY—English Club '25; Visual Education Club '24; Decoration Committee Low Senior Dance '25.





JESSE HOLDSWORTH—High Senior President '26; Low Senior President '25; President Spanish Club '26; English Club '26; K. K. K. '25, '26.

GRACE HOVLAND—English Club; Treasurer K. K. K. '26; Girls' Jinx '25; Captain Champion Speedball Team '25; Vice-president of Major 243 '26.

IDA JACOBSON—K. K. K. '26; English Club '25, '26; Operetta '26.

ROY JOHNSON—Secretary Debating Club '26; Glee Club '24; Class Basketball '26; Spanish Club '24; English Club '26.

LLOYD JOYCE—Varsity Track '25; Captain Track '26; Crew '24, '25; Varsity Basketball '25, '26; Varsity Crew '24, 25, '26; K. K. K. '25, '26.

LOUIS JURS—R. O. T. C. '24, '25, '26: English Club '25, '26; Fire Patrol '26.

DONNA KOHLER Social Service '25, '26; Open House Committee '25, '26; P. E. Club '26; Senior Dinner and Dance Committee '25; Class Day '24, '25.

ALICE KULCHAR—English Club '25, '26; Debating Club '25, '26; Spanish Club '26; Reception Committee Senior Dinner Dance '25.

NEIL LEASH—Art Editor for Crimson '24, '26; Art Editor for Lariat '26.

VALERIA LENYGEL—Crew '24; Volley '25; Basketball '25; Social Service '25, '26; Visual Education Club '25, '26.

LUCILLE LOFTON—Social Service Club '24, '25, '26; K. K. K. '25, '26; News Editor of Crimson '26; Delegate to Stanford Press Convention '25; Debating Club '26.

LYSANDER LOGAN—Vice-president Student Body '25; Secretary High Senior Class '26; Secretary Junior Class '24; Lt.-Adjt. of R. O. T. C. '25; Classification Basketball '25.

MARGARET MCCOMBS—News Editor of Crimson '24; Associate Editor of Crimson '25; President of Social Service Club '25; Dramatics '25, '26; Lariat Staff '26.

MARGARET MCFARLAND—Dramatics '25, '26; Art Club '24; Volley Ball '24; Latin Club '24; English Club '25, '26.

CHARLES MCGEORGE—Crew '26.

JOHN MCSWEENEY—Clasification Basketball '24, '25; Major Captain Basketball '24.

ELSIE MEIER—Gym Proctor '25; Class Day '25.

RAYMOND MELLO—K. K. K. '25; Publicity Manager of Spanish Club '24.

ANNA MESSINGER—K. K. K. '26; English Club '25, '26; Latin Club '25, '26; Spanish Club '26; Reception Committee Senior Dinner Dance '25.

VIRGINIA MORRIS—K. K. K. '26.

THOMAS MURRAY—Sergeant in R. O. T. C. '26; English Club '26; Bank Staff '26.

MAIDA NEWKIRK—English Club '26; Art Club '26; K. K. K. '26.

STANLEY NIELSEN—Hilltop Workshop '24, '25; Assistant Stage Manager '24, '25, '26; President Biology Class '25; Roosevelt Boys' Quintet '25, '26; Treasurer of High Senior Boys '26.

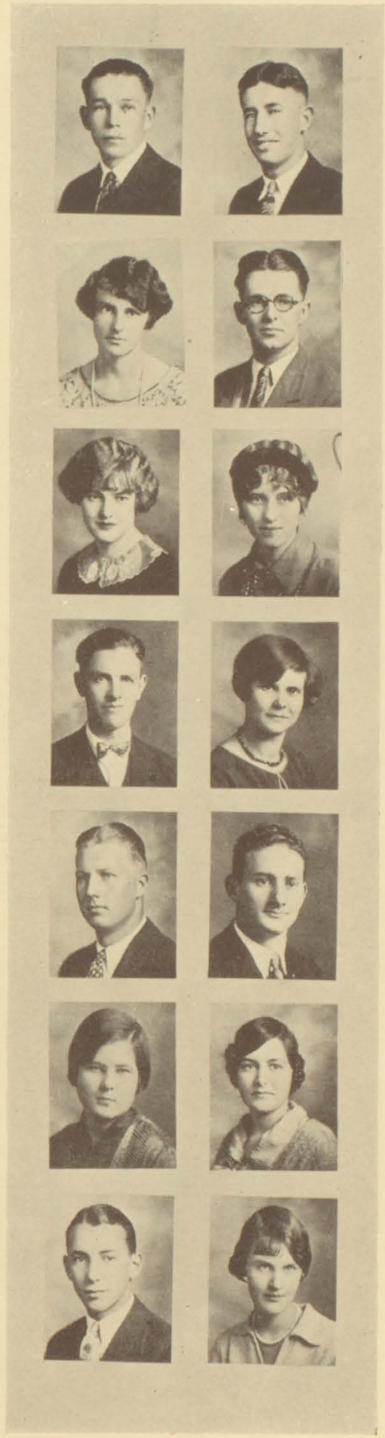
DAVID NORRIS—Track Team '25, '26; Associate Editor Crimson '26; Spanish Club '25, '26.

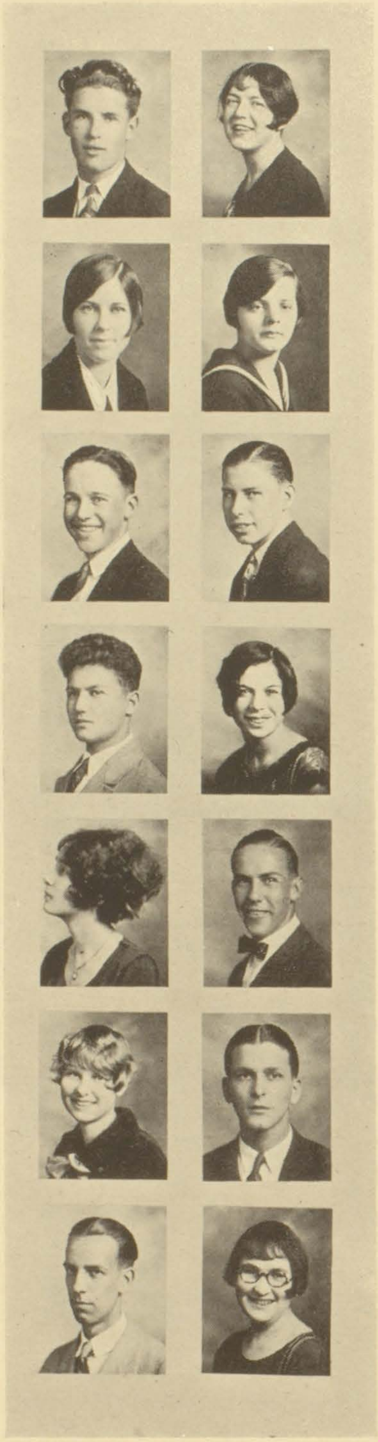
ETHEL OSTMAN—Social Service Club '24, '25, '26; English Club '26; Champion Speedball Team '25; Volley Ball Team '24; French Club '24.

ANNA PELLISIER—French Club '26; English Club '25, '26.

ERNEST PERRY—Transferred from Fort Bragg '25; Operetta '26.

MILDRED PETERSEN—Orchestra '24, '25, '26; French Club '25; English Club '25; Social Serivce Club '26.





HAROLD PHILLIPS—2nd Lieutenant and 1st Lieutenant '24; Cap. and Major '25, '26; Varsity Football '25; Varsity Basketball '25; Dramatics '24, '26.

KATHRYN PHILLIPS—Dramatics '25, '26; P. E. Club '24, '25, '26; Secretary Student Council '25; Secretary High and Low Juniors '24; Vice-president High Senior Class '26.

HELEN POWER—President Latin Club '24; President French Club '25; Treasurer High Junior Class '25; President Major 243 '25; Vice-president French Club '25.

LOUISE RAISIN—Speedball '25; Crew '25, '26; French Club '25.

BROOKS RICE—Treasurer High Senior Class '26; Treasurer Low Senior Boys '25; Captain R. O. T. C. '26; Battalion Adjutant R. O. T. C. '25, '26; School Photographer '25, '26.

CHARLES ROSENBERG—Spanish Club '24, '25; K. K. K. '26; Workshop '25; Captain Class "D" Basketball '25; Varsity Track '26.

BERNARD ROSENBLUM—Editor Crimson '26; Assistant Editor Crimson '25; President Press Club of Oakland High Schools '26; Short Story Club '25.

ESTHER ROTHMAN—Spanish Club '24; English Club '25, '26; Class Day '25; Basketball '24.

CLARA RYDER—Main Office Staff '24, '25, '26; President Short Story Club '24; Associate Editor Crimson '25; English Club '25, '26.

BOB SANDSTROM—Football Varsity '25, '26; Basketball Varsity '25, '26; President High Senior Boys '26; President Hi-Y Club '26; K. K. K. '25, '26.

VIOLA SCHMIDT—Basketball '26; Baseball '25; Science Club '25; English Club '26; Crew '26.

GEORGE SCHNABEL—First Editor of Crimson '24; Latin Club '25; K. K. K. '25; Short Story Club '25; Vice-president Low Juniors '24.

MARK SEAVER—Captain Tennis Team '25; Varsity Crew '25; Varsity Football '25; Captain Varsity Crew '26; President Block "R" Society '26.

NADINE SHOCKEY—Orchestra '24, '25, '26; Secretary-Treasurer Debating Club '25; K. K. K. '25, '26; Social Service Club '25, '26.

KATHRYN SIMPSON—Crew '26; Spanish Club '25; Debating Club '26.

LORIN SMITH—K. K. K. '26; English Club '26.

LILA STERLING—Dramatics '24, '25, '26; Visual Education Club '26; P. E. Club '25, '26; Social Service '25, '26.

CATHERINE STEVENS—Dramatics '24, '25, '26; Open House Committee '25, '26; P. E. Club '26; Senior Dinner Dance Committee '25; Class Day '24, '25.

LOIS STEWART—K. K. K. '26; Decoration Committee Low Senior Dinner Dance '25; French Club '26.

HELENA STOCKHOLM—Social Service Club '25, '26; English Club '25, '26; Speed Ball Team '25; Operetta '26.

BESSIE SUTHERLAND—Basketball '25, '26; Class Day '24, '25; President Social Service Club '25; P. E. Club '24, '25, '26; I. S. U. S. Ribbon '25.

MABEL SWANSON—Basketball '26; Baseball '25; Science Club '25; Crew '26.

EVELYN SWEITZER—Vice-president Low Senior Class '25; Class Day '24, '25; Low Senior Dinner Dance Committee '25; P. E. Club '26.

ELMER TEAHAN—President Student Body '26; Captain Varsity Football '24, '25; Varsity Basketball '25, '26; Varsity Crew '24, '25, '26; K. K. K. '25, '26.

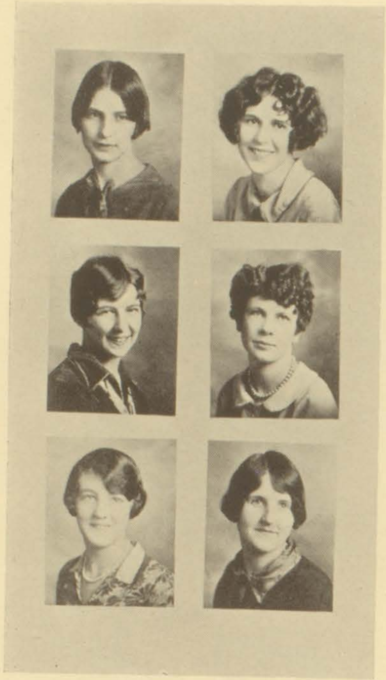
LINDA THOMPSON—French Club '24; Volley Ball '25; Spanish Club '24; Class Day '25.

JAMES VIERRA—Varsity Baseball '25, '26; Block "R" Society '26.

REGINALD WALKER—Varsity Track '25, '26; Varsity Football '25; Boys' Sport Editor of Lariat '26; Block "R" Society '26.

BERNICE WEIMANN—Editor of Lariat '26; President P. E. Club '25, '26; Dramatics '25, '26; President Art Club '24; K. K. K. '26.





GERTRUDE WILLARD—English Club '25, '26; Crew '25, '26; K. K. K. '26; French Club '26; President Major 243 '26.

DOROTHY WILSON—Social Service Club '25, '26; K. K. K. '26 English Club '25, '26; Operetta '26.

WILMA WOOD—Class Day '24, '25; P. E. Club '26; Spanish Club '25, '26; Social Service Club '25, '26; President Dramatics '26.

DOLORES WORTHINGTON—Social Service Club '25, '26; Debating Club '26; Class Day '24, '25; English Club '24, '25.

JEAN ZEIS—Assistant Editor Lariat '26; K. K. K. '25, '26; Social Service Club '24, '25, '26; Champion Speedball Team '25; Secretary Major 243 '26.

KATHRYN ZELLERS—English Club '25, '26; Social Service Club '25; Girls' Jinx '25; May Festival '26.

Hail, and Farewell



Harry Arnott—Roosevelt's first June '26 graduate. In the heart of everyone of us, his classmates, today there is sadness—quiet, but deep and genuine—a realization that there has gone from our group a boy of great promise, a character sterling and true and—such a good pal! We grieve that the ambitions, the hopes, the dreams of his happy, useful years at Roosevelt were not to be fulfilled; but we acknowledge with humble gratitude the gift, even for a little while, of a friendship, the influence of which will deepen and strengthen as the years speed on. And so, we say: Farewell—for a fast-moving minute, dear Harry Arnott!



ME 'N YOU



The Year

AUGUST

25—The term begins with a bang! The bang being caught between the floor polish on the hardwood gym. and the 3,802 new report cards. Freshmen discover that a high school consists of seniors, lipsticks, and window-pane stretchers.

25—(4:00 P. M.) Nineteen new pedagogues discovered shattering the time clock.

SEPTEMBER

1—Because of conflict with the rules, Frank Brunski resigns as prexie and George Levering is elected.

4—The blushing Crimson appears with Robert Norman as the editorial pilot. A new electric shop on the air with 80 students and 80 whats?

14—A four o'clock tea acquaints the faculty, the P. T. A., and the new teachers. Also all of the clubs get together in their own languages, Spanish included.

18—Khaki receives commissions at the first actual assembly.

21—The bear masticates Little Red Riding Hood in the puppet show of Perry Dilly.

22—Pre-O. A. L. games acquaint huskies with the patience of Job. The fellows attempt to overcome a whale—of a setback.

OCTOBER

9—The O. A. L.

14—Uniform dress fails to get by the votes of the girls.

Date not known:—An ancient African hornpipe, misnamed the Charleston, blows in with an October wind. Crossword puzzles buried alongside of Mah Jongg and this fact bewailed by those who bought Mah Jongg capes.

16—A gold mine discovered in the paper drive, which closed this date and left the social service club richer by several hundred dollars.

18—Education week. The parents meet the teachers. Students' qualities and not report cards are discussed. No fatalities.



23—Have you got a big soul? If not take three pills! Those who attended the three one-act comedies did so. Three pills in a bottle made a big hit.

NOVEMBER

6—Boys present Crimson. Judge Church disturbs the editor's peace.

9—The pigskin ousted by basketball.

Hail! The Crimson five appears.

25—Class day! The Prince of Wails is married. Miniature ballet expresses love. Bob Bolander learns to dance. Buys patent leather shoes. Candy and games. The plays. A greater class day for greater Roosevelt.

DECEMBER

6—Charleston banned. That's all————

11—"Wolf of Gubio", presented by the Workshop. The holidays begin. Petitions to the contrary voted down. The Crimson five want to keep on winning games the rest of the year. No holidays for them.

25—Santa Claus presents Rooseveltians (boys) with more sheik sweaters to show off at corner of 19th St. and 19th Ave. Mr. Bowen (Charles) and Mr. Larew (the drummer) included.

JANUARY

13—Elmer Teahan learns use of the gavel. Election and Elmer wins.

R. O. T. C. misses first place in city contest by one point. The army shows fight.

14—Charleston buried with Crossword Puzzles and Mah Jongg. And the balloon trousers follow. Epitaths written by the silly few.

15—Chinese settings. Perfume and evergreens. Ponds reflecting soft lights and whirling couples. Trailings of voices caught in melting blue jazz. Fancy dreams blend into realism. It is the senior ball.

22—Hurry! Trunks being packed. Jubilant seniors. Tickets to Lifeland and College—Last farewells and handkerchiefs used. Seniors gone! Another class lost into life.

23—Roosevelt! How time passes.

23—Entrance: The guy with the green gloves.

25—Seven new pedagogues welcomed. More power to the faculty.

28—Acorns wrest first O. A. L. basketball game from Teddy Quintet 10-9. Dirty Gyp!

28—Rosy puts out first Crimson. It's on Thursdays now, and sporting a new masthead too!

FEBRUARY

4—Small but powerful prexy holds first council meeting with other officers. Wonder what size hats they're wearing?

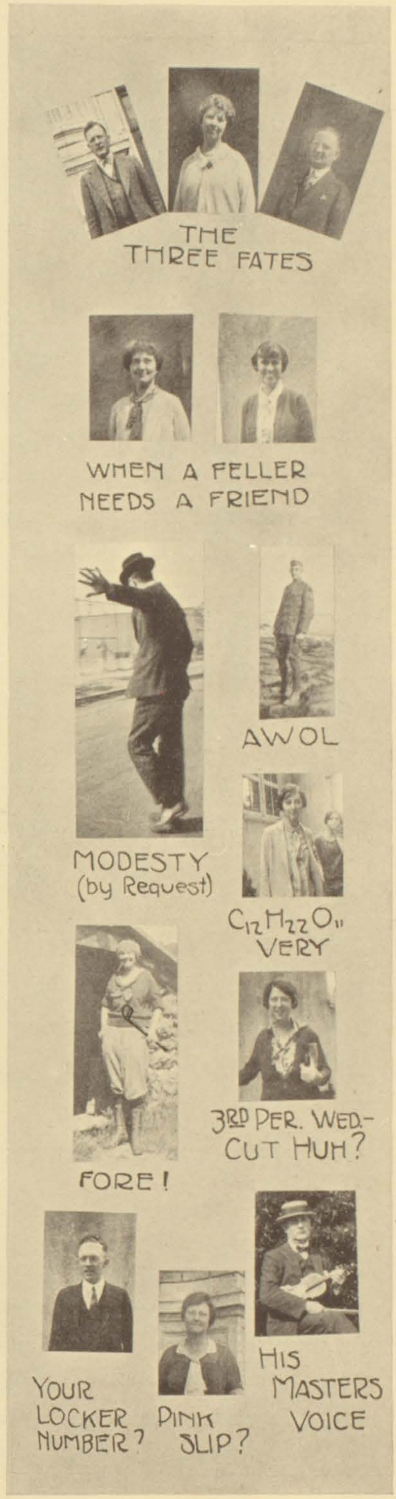
11—The Rubicon crossed! The leather pellet swooping. The hounding of the ball. The cheering frenzy. Bulldogs downed and the Crazy Reds win first basketball O. A. L. victory! Teddies rout Bulldogs 13-11. G-r-r! Moral victory days discontinued until further notice.

11—Lincoln play by Hill Top players.

12—Holiday. Lincoln's Birthday. Did we say no?

19—Girls throw party for new students.

23—Teddies skin Tigers 21-19. That's the stuff, Team.



MARCH

3—Report cards. Not so good.

5—Musical Assembly. Lots of harmony.

5—High and mighty boys give senior girls St. Patrick's party. Much Irish Confetti thrown. All snakes ousted.

10—Point system installed. Lotta Cackle.

12—Assembly. Professor Linsley speaks. Where do you live?

17—St. Patrick's Day. Where's your green?

19—Workshop plays. Weren't they good?

19—Assembly. Rev. Hunter of First Presbyterian Church speaks on World Brotherhood.

19—G. A. A. gives party. Terimine athletics swing a lively limb.

20—Checkered knee-pants coerce with four boys. Golfballs missing. Charleston resurrected for brief day and dies again.

26—First dansant. Those wicked heels! Easter Vacation—Hot bunnies!

APRIL

9—Open House. Parents go to school again, and learn what's doing now-a-days.

13—Miss Arlett, our beloved principal, passes away after long siege of illness.

23—P. E. Club Candle Ritual held.

MAY

7—Low seniors hold dinner dance. Piles of fun had by all.

R. O. T. C. dinner. Pity the poor hot dogs!

21—Dansant. We're warming up; better acquainted now.

28—Senior Farewell given by the P. E. Girls' Club. Great wash-out; bring out the tubs.

Second Workshop plays. Much budding talent shown.

JUNE
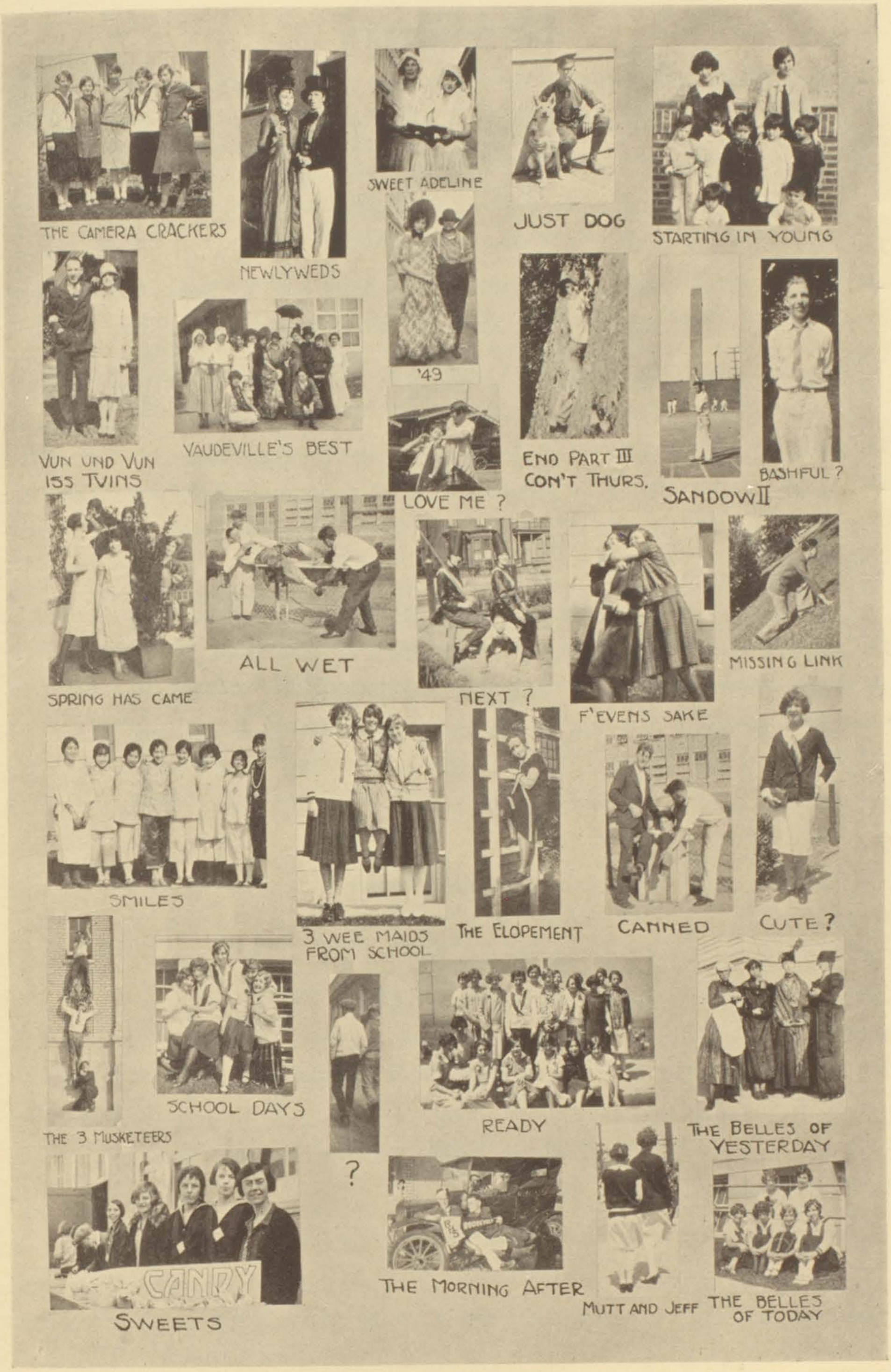
4—Third dansant. Steppin' lively now.

11—High senior ball. Last social event for the seniors. The desert always comes last, but there wasn't anything *desert* about it.

14—High Senior Assembly—Catch those tears.

16—Graduation Exercises "We're going to leave you now."

Gladness tinged by last farewells. The last period. The last home-going.


THE CAMERA CRACKERS
NEWLYWEDS
SWEET ADELINE
JUST DOG
STARTING IN YOUNG
'49
VUN UND VUN
ISS TVINS
VAUDEVILLE'S BEST
LOVE ME ?
END PART III
CON'T THURS.
SANDOW II
BASHFUL ?
SPRING HAS CAME
ALL WET
NEXT ?
F'EVENS SAKE
MISSING LINK
SMILES
3 WEE MAIDS
FROM SCHOOL
THE ELOPEMENT
CANNED
CUTE ?
THE 3 MUSKETEERS
SCHOOL DAYS
?
READY
THE BELLES OF
YESTERDAY
SWEETS
CANDY
THE MORNING AFTER
MUTT AND JEFF
THE BELLES
OF TODAY

Off Duty!

The first class party of the fall term was given by the low senior girls to welcome the new girls to Roosevelt. Games and dancing were enjoyed, after which refreshments were served in th teachers' lunchroom.

Next came the class party for all the "sophs". This included dancing and a snappy program which was planned by the members of the class.

The first low senior event, a luncheon, came in with a "bang". Such it was, for the root beer bottles blew their corks to the ceiling in a bombardment.

The next event on the social program was the low junior Hallowe'en party, with big, shining, yellow pumpkins, black cats, and wicked old moons.

To walk under a ladder or to have a black cat cross one's path had no effect on the low juniors, for they purposely staged a jinx which fell on Friday the thirteenth. Horrors! But all's well that ends well; and—hang superstitions anyway!

"Come and learn to dance." This slogan was the invitation extended to all the low seniors for their informal dance which was held on the afternoon of November 17, followed by their semi-annual dinner dance, all decorated for Christmas.

The high senior ball, the second to be given in Roosevelt, was one of the most striking and unusual of our social events. The Japanese characteristics, portrayed by a large Japanese lantern, a still lake bordered with ferns, and a blue pagoda were most effective.

The first social function of the spring term was a Washington's Day party to welcome the new girls of the school, and in March, St. Patrick's Day was well remembered at Roosevelt by two parties. These were given by the high junior class, as their semi-annual party and by the high senior boys to the high senior girls.

On March 21, the first in a series of three very successful dansants was given.

The low twelve dinner dance, on May 7, introduced a striking atmosphere with its Dutch style carried out in detail in the invitations, dance orders, and table decorations.

The first R. O. T. C. dinner was given on May 14.

After the low junior party, the remainder of the term's social affairs were given by the "high and mighties", the crowning glory being the senior ball on the evening of June 11.

Assemblies

THE joy and sorrow of Roosevelt High has been expressed in her assemblies. When a great soul left, yet entered Roosevelt more thoroughly, Roosevelt paid her deep-felt homage and farewell during an assembly, poignantly sad. When a game was lost, stubborn students stampeded the auditorium, unwilling to allow defeat to dampen their enthusiasm; and they yelled more lustily and encouragingly.

Assemblies have been given over to speakers of national eminence who have given the school their finest thoughts. Great, renowned students of the world, who have spent their lives in endeavor to gain unlimited knowledge, and travelers who have scanned every nook and cranny of this globe have presented facts that will never be forgotten by the audience which they had.

Mr. Earl Linsley, professor of astronomy at Mills College and in charge of the Chabot Observatory, has given us two of his interesting talks. They were "How far can you see?" and "Where do you live?" The world traveler and lecturer, Mr. Arenson, also spoke, telling of the many countries he has visited and of his many experiences. Mr. Todd, a student of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln and the colonial period, addressed the school at the Washington Day program with his topic, "Washington". Mr. Glenn Woods, director of music in the Oakland schools, conducted a program designed to develop appreciation of music. It was both unique and instructive. Each national holiday has been celebrated with an assembly. Many times the speeches and entertainments have been given by the students alone.

Stage Craft

Soft lights casting dull flickering beams on a manger; dull red flame arising from a unique affair of painted birch; calm, dark, mysterious night enhanced by robes of blackness; bowers of flowers and luxuriant grass on a spring day, with girls in rain-colored filmy gowns beneath shadowy trees—these scenes attract the eye and make a play a pleasure, an enjoyment; otherwise it would be just a rehearsal.

All the backgrounds and stage properties that dazzle, haunt, or soothe are due to careful study of the play and to designs that make the play realistic; and all this is the work of the stagecraft class. Crude structures made by the boys in stagecraft are ornamented until they appear as an exact replica of the real thing.

Thus each assembly and program held at Roosevelt has a distinct meaning, which will remain in the hearts of all loyal Rooseveltians.

Senior Term Honor Roll

January, 1926

100

Bluman, Vera
Bostick, Rosie
Campbell, Bessie
Davidson, Doris
Davidson, Jean
Durrell, Cordell
Emerson, Albert
Goold, Helen
Johansen, Elmer
Johnston, James
Levering, George
McCammon, Kenneth
Power, Helen
Zeis, Jean

99

Bunch, Leo
Clark, Dorothy
Dignan, James
Hansen Peter
Jensen, Peter
Mason, Sarah

98

Agard, Mona
Berg, Gladys
Blunck, Carl
Cunningham, Bertyl
Domoto Nakako
Farris, Orrin
Foulkes, Gwendolyn
Gordon, Arthur
Harkins, Miriam
Hart, Ruby
Hovland, Grace
Holdsworth, Jesse
Howard, Virginia
Marshonet, Anna
Meilbek, Bernice
Meneketti, Orlando
Newkirk, Maida
Ostman, Ethel
Rice, Brooks
Rice, Maryan
Romayne, Hariette
Ryder, Clara
Ryder, Frank
Storgaard, Marion
Weimann, Bernice

97

Andrade, Helen
Arnold, Lois
Beard, Rodney
Benson, Ethel
Billman, Bernard
Carter, Viola
Chaplin, Dave
Doty, Abraham
Holliday, Harold
Hanna, Eleanor
Johnson, Mae
Keleher, Frances
Louie, Mae
McCombs, Margaret
Mailho, Cecilia
Netherby, Eloise
Weiss, Elsie
Wood, Wilma

96

Anderson, Karl
Banta, Ethel
Bisler, Theodore
Castro, Irene
Ellenberg, Sam
Emerson, Orline
Flanagan, Paul
Galer, Mary Louise
Graham, Margaret
Hartman, Victoria
Heidenheim, Roger
Horning, Reda
Howard, Jesse
Jacobsen, Grace
Jones, Howard
Kerchum, Ral-h
Kovell, Cynthia
Kingsbury, Carl
Kynock, Charles
Leschinsky, Pauline
Merlo, Jole
Middleton, Arthur
Murphy, Arthur
Murray, Leontina
Murray, Roy
Ornellas, John
Orton, Wilma
Robosson, Merwyn
Sampson, Robert
Scoville, Cornelia
Seaver, Marian
Shanahan, Margaret
Simmons, Mary
Torwick, Ethel
Van Ness, Elvin
Waitman, Myrtle
Whitburn, Fancher
Wilson, Alan
Woods, Thomas

95

Creighton, Orville
Entelman, Ruth
Fransen, Dagmar
Garfinkle, Ida
Gonzales, Olivia
Graham, Howard
Hansen, Anna
Harvey, Annie Laird
Johnson, Roy
Kulchar, Alice
Lehne, Beatrice
Linsley, Gorton
McCann, Gertrude
McPhearson, Don
Olofson, Muriel
Olsen, Eleanor
Seaver, Margaret
Sousio, Anibel
Stevenson, Robert
Stockholm, Helena
Whittaker, Beatrice
Willard, Gertrude
Young, Iris

Junior Term Honor Roll

January, 1926

100

Ivy, Russell
Klippel, Tony
Michel, Harry
Stahl, Ivy

99

Ferrier, Phyllis
Gorton, Elaine
Gregory, Ranada

98

Lehne, Christie
Sawtelle, Prentice

97

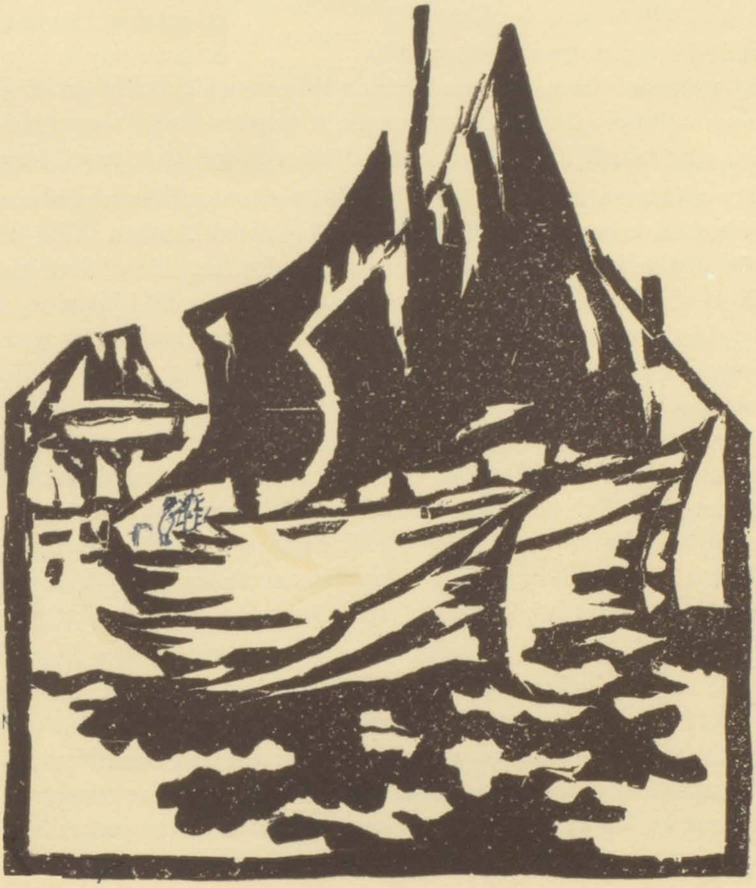
Corr, Evelyn
Flanagan, Evelyn
Godfrey, John
Harbison, Robert
Lee, Dora
Lehne, Gladys
Nicolayson, Evelyn
Ranes, Mildred
Reynolds, Edith
Turner, Betty

96

Amber, Isabelle
Ames, Izetta
Berry, Elizabeth
Bolander, Edna May
Briggs, Verna
Colby, Edward
McCamman, Dorothy
Mueszwitz, Clara
Nilson, Normon
Palmgren, Anna
Wall, Rhea

95

Alexander, Frank
Bassford, Louise
Clancy, James
Cronkrite, Jean
Davidson, Bessie
Gibbs, Austin
Henson, Lurline
Kenville, Lorraine
Marshall, Talbot
Mortensen, Stanley
Nolder, Mary
Perger, Freda
Sea, Donald
Ymae, Sumetaka



Nothing Plus Nothing

By Claude Petty

ROARING and frightening, the freight flew across the desert; and when it had reached the exact center of the shifting brown sands, they tumbled him off a vacant box car. He sprawlingly landed on a slope of small rock and dirt, where he maintained an elongated posture, staring stupidly at the barren monotony before him.

By trade he was a tramp. Always he had been one; he was born that way. He claimed a stooped form, a battered pair of shoes, which were set on enormous feet, trousers melting with the decay of age, a tattered shirt, a cragged hat, and a hoydenish coat which had all but escaped the ravages of a town dump.

A rusty coffeepot, in which were jumbled a chunk of bread and a pound of freemarket coffee, occupied the center of a dilapidated blanket. Then there was his pipe, the distinctive crown jewel in his ensemble, capable of holding voluminous "pack-ups" of tobacco. Once a day he was forced to yield his pipe, reluctantly from the depths of his facial cavern and that was the interval in which he refilled his pipe.

He sat and sat by the rails and thought about nothing. As scanty as his trousseau and as rusty as his coffee pot, his mental spaces never suffered the ravages of severe thinking. He was the type of man who would look at a rock and say, "That's a rock," instead of puzzling at it a moment and saying, "That's a rock; I wonder what is in it?" When his coffee pot tumbled into the fire, he would look at it blankly and murmur from underneath his pipe, "The pot's over," which after all was far straighter than troubling as to on just what grounds the thing had upset.

Ages and ages he had tramped along railroad ties in the same trousers, shoes, ragged cap and hoydenish coat. The blanket and the rusted coffee pot had appeared into the world with him some where—he could not remember where they had mingled with his other possessions. Once in a decade he changed his shirt, and once a year he fell by accident into some stream and was persuaded into suffering the purity of a bath.

As simple as the man, was the scenery. A few jutting mesquite bushes could be discerned adorning the rolling expanse of hot sand and rock. Two shiny steel rails stretched upon a raised slope on and on with the sand until they met in a pencil point in the horizon. A lizard scurried here and there amidst the rock, and in the distance a purple range occupied a tiny position upon the horizon.

In the sky it had darkened. In the distance a series of clouds hung, and the sun had dropped somewhere back on the distant range. Instinct, and not brains, told the tramp of a coming rain. An overhanging rock a short distance from the tracks secured his attention, and he sought in the sand dump for a small flat rock.

A jagged lava piece was found, and with this he hurriedly scooped the sand from under the side, which projected considerably over the base. He then hung his coarse blanket—securing it by numerous heavy boulders and black lava rocks.

After arranging a sleeping quarter he began to think of fire. He had one piece of paper and one solitary match. A supply of matches never bothered him; if he had a match he would use it, and if he did not have one—a fire was a convenience and not a necessity. By persistent chopping with this broken knife, he succeeded in breaking off a goodly pile of kindling from the ties of the track—enough to start a fire. Then he ambled over to the sandy arroyo and chopped off lumber from the bridge pillars. The chapparral from the mesquite bushes and this redwood sprucing were heaped into a pile inside his shelter.

It was not dark, and as the wind increased and the clouds formed, he lay and gazed at the discolored blanket puffing contentedly. He was thinking of nothing—nothing. Clouds massed and a streak of lightning, superseded by a crashing peal of thunder, flashed across the sky. Then the storm broke, suddenly, loosing torrents upon the parched rock and sand. A roaring cataract swept between the narrow sides of the river. The tramp picked up the pot and ambled over to the muddy banks, the water streaking down his beard and over his clothes. The water was brought back, and he was about to gather the firewood when a splitting crash issued from the gale, followed by a dull, grinding sound. He dropped the wood and shuffled into the rain. "The bridge is over." It was spoken mechanically and with no sign of any emotion. The arroyo was not large, and a slight examination revealed the fact that the fifteen-foot bridge had given way. The pillars supporting it floated in the muddy water, and two rails curved awkwardly into space.

Dismissing the subject from his mind, he reached the cave and placed the redwood kindling over the paper. At the same moment, a shrill whistle sounded through the clatter of the storm. "There's the train," he murmured and forgot about it. The whistle grew persistent. "The thing is busted," he ponderingly reasoned. "If the blinker comes it can't go over the bridge—so then it'll go over the bank. 'Eres people on 'er." He dropped the paper on the sand, and squatting down, he knitted his brow, drawing and sucking heavily upon his pipe. "Still the fire 'll 'eat some and if I light the paper, the match'll be gone and there won't be no fire."

The train whistle sounded nearer, and a rumble of wheels could be distinguished through the intensified roar of thunder. For a moment the rain had stopped.

There was no tobacco in his pipe, and the drip of water uncomfortably sought its way through the blanket and over his coarsened neck. The whistle blew again, and he spit heavily upon the sands.

Shuffling into the storm, he crawled up to the tracks and lit the paper as he heard the rumble upon him. The folds flared up and a streak of flame lifted to the

sky. The nearby wet sands gleamed red within the circle cast by its glare, and he held the paper high over his head. The express bore down on him and with a long sigh and groan stopped but three feet from where he stood. Then he dropped the paper and walked back to the shelter where he lay down, withdrew his pipe and went to sleep.

An oily engineer swung from the cab of his train and stood over the arroyo into which he had escaped narrowly from flying with his seven Pullman coaches. He searched everywhere for the one who had signalled him but found nothing but the piece of paper, which he hid in the sand. He then strode back to the outpouring crowd of passengers.

"The matter," he gesticulated. "Well, there's a bridge torn loose and I used my eyes. Lucky we was driving slow though."

One of the brakemen, meanwhile, had been searching the wilderness of sand that stretched on either side of the tracks. He chanced upon the shelter and the sleeping inmate.

"There's a tramp here. Right close to the bridge too."

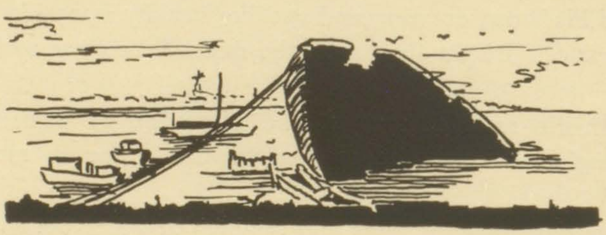
"A tramp!" the crowd echoed.

The brakeman shook his head in a manner which indicated that tramps were not in his form of taste.

"Bring him along. Might know something," finished the engineer. The sleepy hobo was torn from his shelter and brought into the light.

He asked no questions. He never conjectured as to why they threw him into the mailcar and a man sat up all night with a gun beside him. He took it is a matter of course and murmured to himself, "They have me here. Here I am."

He stared at the wall and sucked his empty pipe, thinking of nothing—absolutely nothing.



Aspiration

By Mona Agard

I was sitting by the bank
As the murmuring brook passed by,
And nothing seemed awake about,
Only the the brook and I.
An open book lay on my lap,
But my thoughts I could not stay,
For they were traveling with the brook,
Going—how far away!
Trusting those murmurs still,
Obeying the whims of fate—
Drifting toward open waters,
For surely the sea would crush this leaf
Which followed the course of the brook;
And seeking again for the passing glimpse,
I strained my eyes to look.
But the little leaf was dancing gay
On waves rushing on to the sea--
And my wandering thoughts again returned
To dream on the bank with me.
A stagnant pool lay to my right,
No movement its calm did break,
And the falling leaves lay quite still there
As if afraid to wake.
The gentle breeze quick passed it by,
And its voice seemed strangely hushed;
No whispering of willows there
Not a leaf was brushed.
Lifeless, asleep—yes, dead;
Is the pool on which I gaze,
Of life this is the dullest,
'Tis life's most stagnant phase.
I too shall leave this sheltered bank
And follow life's course for me,
And may I be, not a twig on this pool,
But a leaf, rushing toward the sea.



Buddha Smiles

By Robert Norman

I AWOKE. The air seemed dank and musty. The light was breaking, but whether it was morning or evening I could not tell.

With a start of terror I came to my senses at seeing two glassy eyes peering through the gloom. I wanted to run, but I could not—my hands and feet were bound fast and a wooden cangue was secured about my neck! Where was I? Gaining courage to face again that glassy supernatural stare, I looked; but the eyelids had closed.

Dimly outlined in the haze I discerned a figure. It was a Chinese, his long queue wrapped about his head and an ugly curved simitar resting across his knees. In his hand there was a long bamboo opium pipe, the pungent smoke of which caused his stupor.

Looking about as well as possible with the choking grip of the cangue at my throat, I surmised I was in some deserted temple. Huge grotesque idols, their gold-leaf surfaces peeling with age and covered with cobwebs, appeared strangely lifelike in the dusk. Bats flew in and out of the arched rafters from which hung faded silk banners and skeletons of monstrous lanterns.

The rising moon shone through a small window full upon my sleeping guard. He was hopelessly beyond all waking. I wormed my way towards him patiently till I could rub the cords binding my hands, on the point of his scimitar. He stirred slightly, but slept on. I freed finally my fetters; but the accursed cangue I could not unlock. I went immediately to the window. My temple of captivity was located on a low cliff bordering a lake. I could see the lake gleaming in the moonlight and a lonely junk at anchor upon its waters.

A hoarse shout broke the silence—my guard had awakened! I gauged the distance to the water below and prepared to leap out the window—but the cangue! It would not permit me to pass through the small aperture! I wheeled about. The Chinaman was crouched low, his arm drawn back already to hurl the ugly scimitar. He lurched forward and his hand shot out. I darted to one side. With a twang the huge blade split the cangue from about my neck and bounded out the window. He was creeping stealthily towards me with a narrow dagger in his clawlike hand. I dashed behind a huge idol, the "Goddess of Mercy", and leaped upon its high shoulder. As if satisfied that he had me securely within his power, he squatted on the floor and eyed me steadily. Again I saw only those two glassy eyes staring at me through the deepening twilight.

My intuitive sense told me of a new danger. I felt a cold draft on my back, and a queer stench assailed my nostrils. Turning quickly about, I lost my balance and fell headlong into a yawning pit—the idol's shoulder had opened! Down, down, down—would the end to that black stifling chasm ever come?

When I gained consciousness, I was lodged between two soft bales of silk in a dark stiflling dungeon, and rats were running all over me. All was quiet above. My guard had probably succumbed again to his pipe and dreams, and I had time to view my peculiar situation.

The last thing that I could remember before finding myself in this bewildering predicament was that I had stopped in at a small Shanghai tea house to escape from the scorching midday sun. A kindly old Chinese fellow sat opposite me and we drank tea together—and then I awoke. I had been drugged and carried off—but where, and why? Was I kidnapped to be held for ransom, or else to be tortured to pacify the gods in some mad superstition of that horrible band of wandering brigands who gouged out the eyes of their victims?

With such wild thoughts racing through my mind I had not noticed that stealthy approach of a dark form. I lay still as death for it was coming towards me. It stretched out a clawlike hand as if to seize me. It groped about and then made a quick pass, missing my head by a few inches, and grasped something in the wall at my back.

A heavy iron gate in the opposite wall swung open with an unearthly groan, revealing a long dark tunnel exit. The black form sprang out as quietly as it had come, and the heavy door swung shut.

My chance for escape had come! My deliverance from torture, from a possible living death as a human sacrifice depended upon the hidden lever! I found it without difficulty and opened the door. I was in a long, crooked, dark tunnel. The air refreshed. As I turned a sharp corner, my feet suddenly found no resting place and I pitched out into space—the tunnel opened out onto the face of the cliff.

Luckily my trouser leg caught on a sharp rock and I dangled head downward from the ledge. At the base of the cliff I could see huge jagged boulders lining the shore of the lake. The lonely junk was still at anchor, but a small sampan was pushing out from shore. I caught the echo of a fiendish chuckle.

I could do nothing. Craning my neck and looking upward, I grew numb with terror. There were those two glassy eyes staring at me again. The Chinaman put his dagger between his teeth and uncoiling his queue dropped it near my face—on the end was fastened a human eye!

Then I dropped.

"Hey, Elmer, doncha know how to sleep in a bed without floppin' out and standin' on your head?"

"Yow! take that eye away! Take that—huh!—wow! What a nightmare! I tell ya, Charley, no more of your cheap chop suey feeds. After this we stick to Firenze and his raviolas."

Reflections of a Country Road

By Vera Blumann

I'M just a dusty country road winding, hot and dry over broad farmlands, between blue hills, beside blue waters. I'm never lonely. Beside me, for a long time runs a sparkling stream. Though I cannot see it, I can hear its musical voice, bubbling over with joy. Sometimes a little bird flutters down upon my broad comfortable bosom, to preen itself after a bath in my friend's clear water; and when it flutters its soft wings, a few twinkling drops fly on me! How cool, how delicious they feel.

The birds, too, are my companions. They love to hop along twittering gaily to each other, telling little secrets. Then, too, the little flowers—daisies, cowslips, buttercups, poppies, spread beside me a veritable carpet of brightness. A few shy blue-eyed flowers peep at me from between the tall, warm grasses. Humans call them violets. I call them "Bits of Evening Shade," because they are like the soft shadows that creep over the purple hills at sunset.

Of all my friends I love the flowers best—unless it be the ever-changing heaven. One day she is clear and cloudless; the next, she gathers little clouds that by their very whiteness the better sets off her blue. On the morrow, still more dissatisfied, she hugs the clouds even closer, turns them a soft grey, and, furious, whips them into a dark scurrying mass, thunders down, and weeps angrily. Then in sorrowful despair, she weeps more quietly, and finally, sending the clouds scuddling away, beams a brighter blue than ever, studded with twinkling stars, and with the silver crescent in her hair.

But, stay, you must not think that all my friends are nature's children. Little bare-foot children love to dig their pink toes into my thick dust and play upon my soft warm bosom. Many a time my very twistiness, my very warmness have led these bare feet past the cross roads, past the schoolhouse, down to the fishing pond, or over the blue hills to the "swimmin' hole".

There! I've told you now why I'm not sorry that I'm just a country road. So many people linger along me, so many people love me that I wouldn't give up one grain of my driest dust, nor one of my turns or twists; even though I could be something different from "a good old-fashioned country road"!



Soundings in Blue

By Claude Petty

DAVARNAY waved a crumpled letter over his head and said to his companion,

"I auctioned you once because I was hungry. Now that we are together again we'll dream of Bach without the music hall stuff. Tell me. What did they do to you, . . ."

"Hum," said the piano, "Hum," and it winked roundly at the old music master.

Davarnay sat on the broken soapbox in his attic and listened. . . .

* * *

Charles Spodges was a young man who concerned himself chiefly with Charles Spodges. Next to that he cared for Irene and an accumulation of students termed "The Bunch." He was quite modern because he loved to say shocking things to people who have already been shocked, and he affected blue jazz and blue neckties.

One windy March day Charles made a remarkable discovery. In attempting to snatch off something on the fraternity piano he found that by slamming notes in a pendulum fashion he could play music. And then came the buying of Davarnay's old piano. Attending an auction to regain some tweeds the boys had misplaced in a pawn shop, he discovered the treasure and bargained for it.

"Wrap it up," he had said, "and I'll break it in. Belonged to that Davarnay? Had to sell it or starve? Too much inspiration and not enough perspiration."

The instrument pushed itself into Spodges' music room, ousted the piano which had been made in an American tin factory,.sat itself in the darkest corner, and winked roundly. It was a wonderful thing. There was a pale ivory keyboard with just a touch of yellow on its edges. The flats were of the blackest of ebony and the strings were set in the mellowness of age. And it seemed to sedately mock you, "I know. I know. I am older than you are."

Affected, Charles Spodges brushed off the bench and selected a "special" from memory.

"She's my queenie, She's my babie
O my hotsy, totsy, maybe."

Suddenly he paused. An irritating silence hung over the room. Jazz was replaced with noise—as if C and C flat had been struck together. He was conscious of wounding something. Conscious that it was queer. Queer. Davarnay would have laughed and called it poignant.

More poignant was the orchestra practice on a blistery evening one week later. It occurred the evening that the Melody Syncopators met with their noise,

their blares, their burst of college life. The young men assembled in the room—six of them, and clattery drums with clattery pictures, and a totality of new orchestrations. They brought with them incongruous neckties and laughter. Later two girls appeared with smiles and silk stockings.

They tuned and he sat at the piano. A flat for the saxophone. B flat for the C soprano. Tune the banjo. D-F-B strings. The old joke about tuning the drums. C for the trombone. All ready. One . . . two . . . and they were off.

The music was the prisoner and they were the judges. Presumptuous patter. Play D section once more. And so on. The trumpeter was a slim fellow with a mustache and a collection of blue notes. The drummer was fat and confident. The banjoist was smiles. Endless smiles. . . .

"I never knew there was sunshine
My life was empty and blue-ue-ue"

On went the rhythm. Click-et-ty-click. The London express over wooden railway ties. Click-et-ty-click. Saxophone melting into woodblocks. At the third chorus they suddenly paused. The trombonist placed his instrument upon the hardwood floor nervously.

"Why stop?" said someone timidly. And away off in the piano strings there echoed and echoed: "Why stop, Why stop, Why stop?" Kenneth shakily removed his handkerchief and tied it around the piano leg. He laughed, "Know what? You've hurt the poor piano," and he pretended to cry bitterly.

"Take him out and give him some coffee," snickered one of the girls from under her green co-ed hat.

"Hey, hey, watch the hay
Hey, hey; we'll dance till day."

At half-past nine someone excused himself. A ten o'clock Sigma meeting. Others must leave at an early hour. They filed into the biting rain of the campus and met casually at a smelly Hamburger joint—that gas-lighted rendezvous of all accomplished dance musicians.

"There was something queer about that piano," asserted the drummer as he bit into a cheese-up.

"Queer. I thought it was poignant. Very poignant."

Odd was the incident that broke like a falling hammer into the stillness of that same evening. Charles Spodges dreamed. Gayness, orgy, storms, whirling, whirling. . . .

And then he was awake to find himself sitting in his bed peering into the blackness of his room. In the piano room the aged old instrument was syncopating. There was a very colorful animation which whirled up the staircase, danced into his room, and dashed over the bedquilts. Astonished, he jumped from his bed and

stumbled through the blackness to the door. Twice he tripped against a rug and once he attempted to light a match which was in his dressing gown. Abruptly the music affected a down-scale animation which resembled pattering rain upon the tarpaper of the gymnasium roof and then terminated in a decisive major.

He tumbled across the hall and into the room. The instrument was still and passive in the dark corner. A few raindrops passed through the open window and tapped the floor. There was a faint tinge of laughter about the polished wood and twice he almost suspected that it had winked at him. It was not a pleasing wink but a reserved "Now what can you do about it" mockery. The more it mocked him, the more baffled he became. And the more baffled he became, the more his annoyance touched towards anger. He was seized with a childish desire to hit the thing. Strike it. Rid of it. Kicking the panel, his bare leg caught on one of the pedals and he fell—hitting the polished bench on its sharpest corner. He carries a bruise upon that section of his face directly above his nose.

* * *

Darvarnay arose from his broken soapbox and showed his companion the letter. His hand trembled. . . .

Darvarnay:

Am sending your piano. Its acts very queerly.

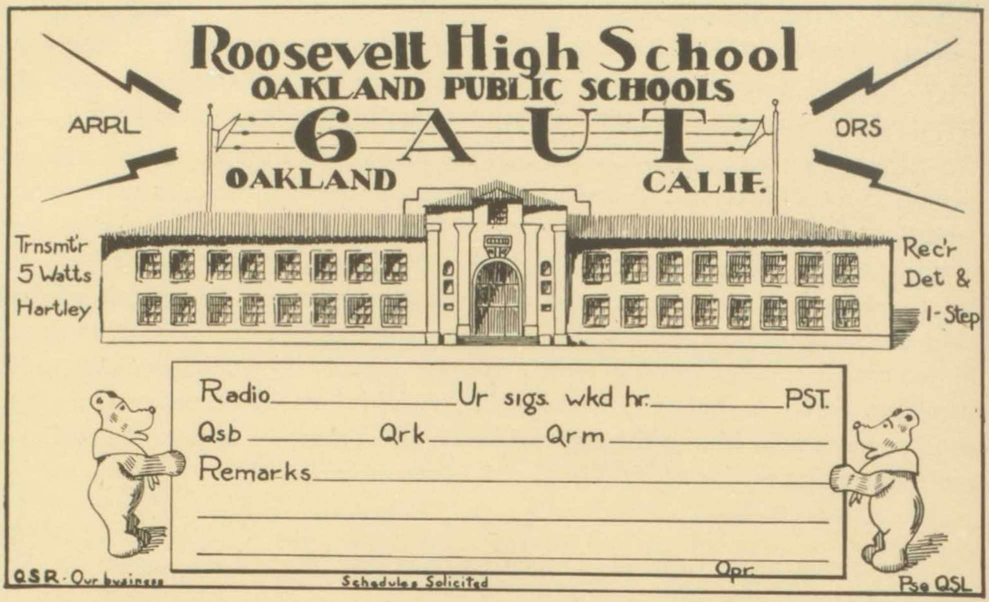
In return please give me exclusive dance right on your Aflat serenade.

CHARLES SPODGES.

"Wouldn't make friends with him, would you? Well, he can have his rights. When they get through, it won't be like the serenade anyway. I'll wager you haven't frolicked a bit since I stole in that dumpy piano room and played the Hungarian Rhapsody last night. "Really?"

The piano winked solemnly back at him from the mellow ivory of its keys.




Roosevelt High School
OAKLAND PUBLIC SCHOOLS
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Leland Domes | *Robert Norman* | *Edith Reynolds* | *James McQuinn*

Student Council - Fall Term

DURING the last year more importance and responsibility than ever have been attached to the duties of the Student Council.

The students made a plea for more student government, and in the last year the council, with the aid of the student body, has satisfied a great deal of this need.

The council of the fall term comprised the following members: President, George Levering; Vice-President, Lysander Logan; Secretary, Irene Castro; Treasurer, Bessie Campbell; Editor of the Crimson, Robert Norman; Yell Leader, Leland Domes; Junior Representatives, James Quinn and Edith Reynolds. Under this Council, the constitution was revised and amended. The clean-up committee was appointed and started its good work by a clean-up campaign. The big social affair put over by the fall council was Class Day, which was crowned with success.

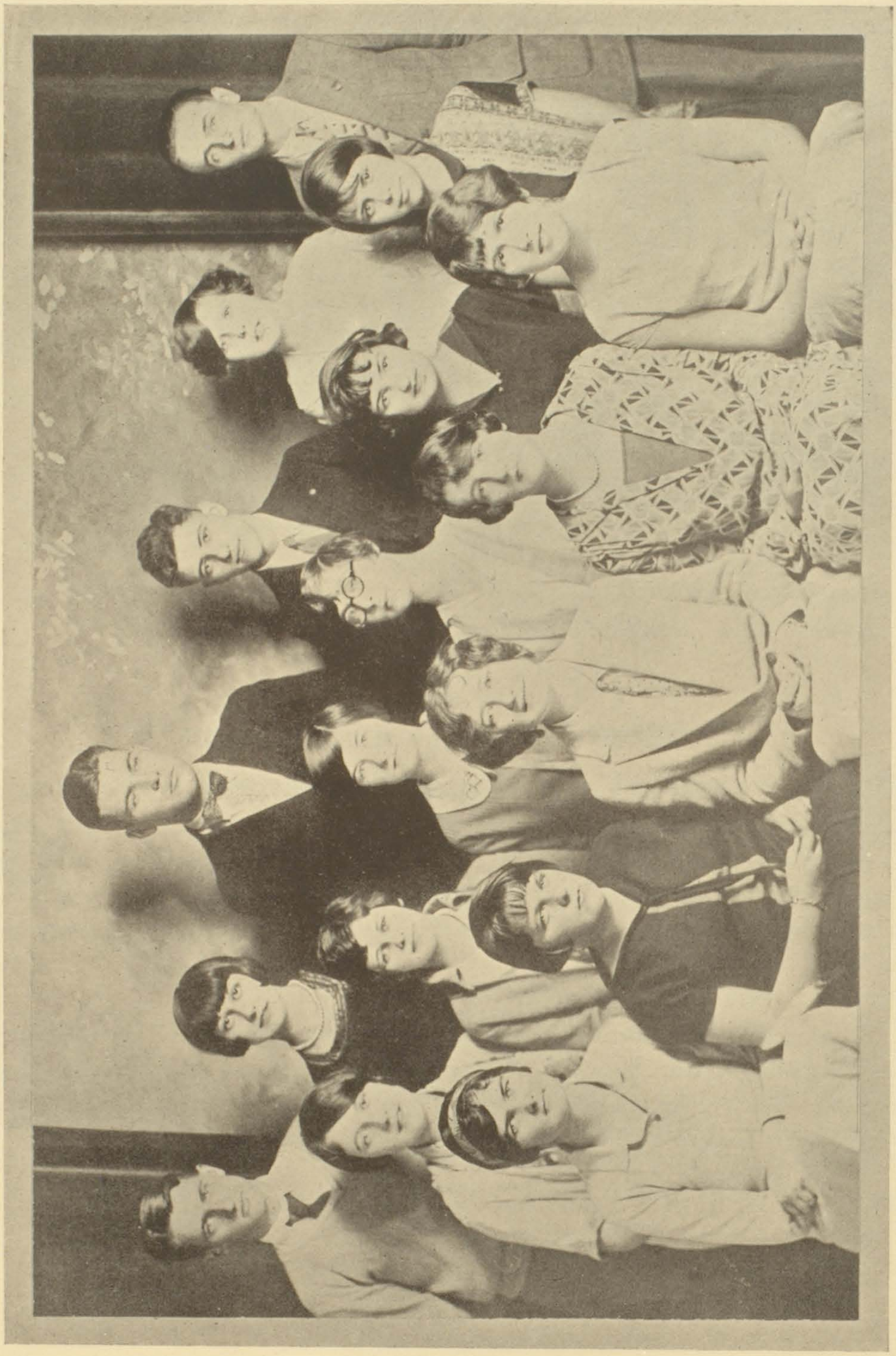


Bernard Roseblum Doris Bressem *Elmer Teahan* *Marie Dietz Christel Lehne*
Bernice Weimann Leland Domes *Harriette Romayne Gino Cecchini*

Student Council - Spring Term

THE two high lights of the spring administration were the able management of school dances, and the introduction of the "point" system. This Council planned and managed the "after school" dancing classes, and the "Dansants". The point system, which was passed by the council, is proving to be an able means of discipline. The council also took up the matter of changing the senior pins. It was found necessary to further amend and revise the constitution, and much time was spent on this important detail.

The members of the council for the spring term are: President, Elmer Teahan; Vice-President, Doris Bressem; Secretary, Marie Dietz; Treasurer, Harriette Romayne; Yell Leader, Leland Domes; Editor of the Crimson, Bernard Rosenblum; Junior Representatives, Christel Lehne and Gino Cecchini.



THE LARIAT

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENT BODY

OF THE

ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, JUNE 1926

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CLASSES



Frances

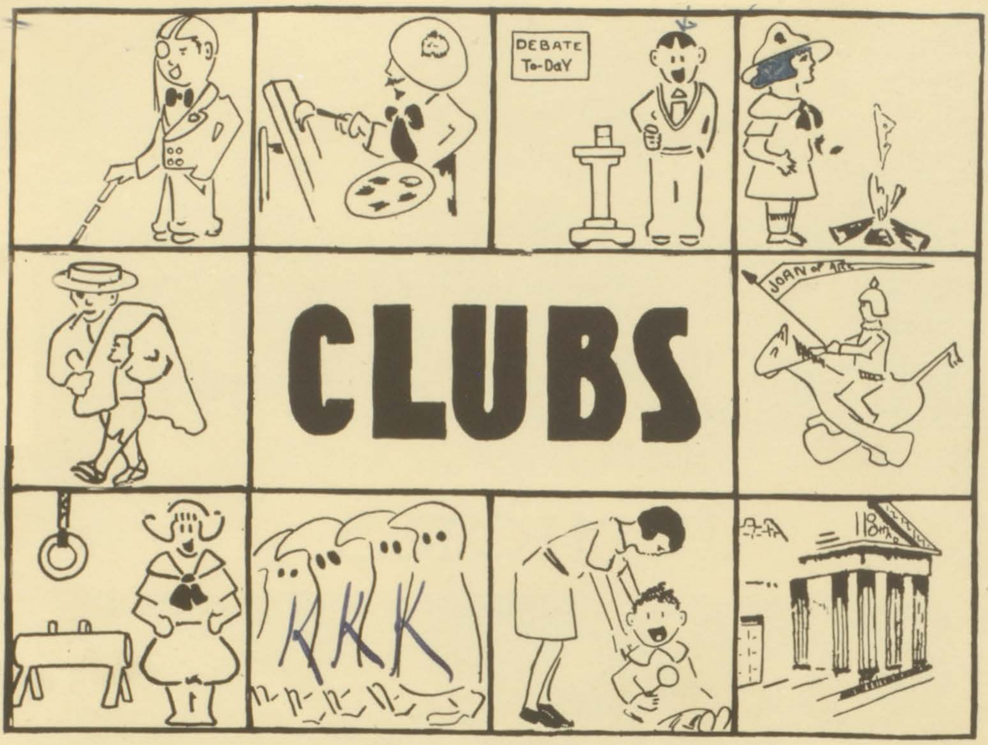
JUNIORS



SOPHOMORES



JUNIOR - HIGH



English Club

THE English Club of the fall semester proved to be the largest club of our school, comprising nearly one thousand members. The officers were: President, Amy Rinehart; Secretary, Sarah Mason; Treasurer, James Bell. Miss Olmstead was the faculty adviser.

A novel feature was enjoyed by the club when Perry Dilley's Puppet show performed. A movie, "Janice Meredith," was also enjoyed by the members. With the remaining money in the treasury the club bought a table scarf, a statue of the "Winged Victory", and several beautiful pictures, which were placed in appropriate places about the school.

The English club of this spring has enjoyed a play, put on by the "Hilltop Players", and a historical "movie". The officers are: President, Charles Temme; Vice-President, Phyllis Ferrier; Secretary-Treasurer, Bessie Campbell; the faculty adviser being Eugenia McCabe.

P. E. Club

THE P. E. Club was organized by a group of girls guided by Miss Rayburn and the honorary members, Miss Hansen, Mrs. Polley, and Miss Hobbs. This club was organized to create good sportsmanship among the girls and cooperation between pupil and teacher.

The installation of officers was held at Miss Rayburn's home, Tuesday, February 2, 1926. Those installed were: Bernice Wiemann, President; Doris Bressem, Vice-President; Marion Donaldson, Secretary; and Wilma Wood, Treasurer-Reports.

On February 5, the members of the P. E. Club were initiated.

Business meetings have been held to discuss the different problems that face the club. On various occasions members of the club have been hostesses for the P. E. department. Two of these occasions were: Open House, and the Junior Party.

Girls wishing to join the club may obtain petitions from Miss Rayburn.

Forum

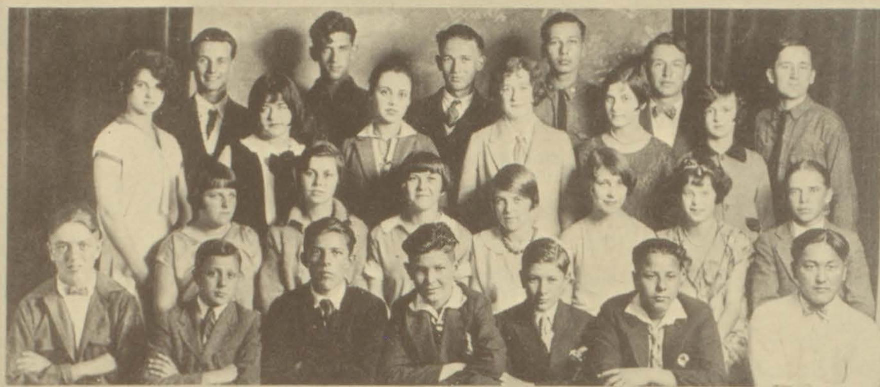
Although the Roosevelt Forum is a new club in the school, it has progressed very favorably. The club is now holding debates at its regular meetings, and it intends to handle some future school assemblies. Next term the club plans to enter a team in the Tri-City Debating League. The club does not purpose to limit itself only to debating but to take up other branches of social studies as well.

The officers are: Abraham Doty, President; Bessie Sutherland, Vice-President; Roy Johnson, Secretary-Treasurer.

Art Club

The Art club, one of the outstanding clubs of the school, has covered many activities this term. Gerald Billman, president of the club, has arranged for many trips, one of them being to Mills College. A party is given every term by the club.

The officers are: Gerald Billman, President; Anna Gonzales, Vice-President; Eva Avilla, Secretary-Treasurer; Miss Franklin, Faculty Adviser.



ART CLUB



THE FORUM



P E CLUB



FRENCH CLUB



SPANISH CLUB



CAMPFIRE CLUB



KAPPA KINETIC KLUB

Kappa Kinetic Klub

KAPPA Kinetic Klub was organized in the fall term, under the science department. The pioneer officers were: President, Frank Brunski; Vice-President, Victoria Hartman; Secretary, Miriam Harkins; Treasurer, Pauline Leschinsky. The membership was forty-five. The members enjoyed frequent luncheons and scientific studies.

The officers for the spring term are: President, Cordell Durrell; Vice-President, Carl Kingsbury; Treasurer, Grace Haviland; Secretary, Peter Hansen. The membership is now eighty. The members have had many instructive and interesting trips to scientific industrial plants, and have also enjoyed a variety of programs of chemical interest.

El Club Figaro

The Spanish Club, under the presidency of Vincente Muriale, with the assistance of Secretary Bill Ramsay and Miss Edna Tuchock, club adviser, has finished a very successful term.

During the semester two programs were presented; the first feature was scenes from Zaraqueta, and Spanish music, under the personal direction of Miss De Ruchie. The entire cast in the scenes from Zaraqueta was taken from a Spanish IV class.

The second program consisted of three short comedies entitled: La Primera Disputa, La Broma, and El Medico Infortundo.

This is the first time that plays have been undertaken by the Club Figaro. All settings for the plays were planned and designed by Oliver Blanchard.

The plays and music were thoroughly enjoyed by both the participants and audience. Adios till next term.

Le Club Tricolor

THE French Club this year has been an active, thriving organization. Among its fall activities were a trip to the "Legion of Honor" building, and a very successful party. The fall officers were: President, Eleanor Hanna; Vice-President, Ruth Entelman; Secretary, Marguerite Peterson.

This spring the members have staged several French entertainments at noon, under the leadership of their officers: President, Harriette Romayne; Vice-President, Gertrude Willard; Secretary, Frances Rosenblum.

Social Service Club

The Social Service Club is one of the very few exclusively girls' clubs of the school. Its purpose is to do all kinds of social service work.

The faculty adviser for the fall term was Miss Jean Tuttle, the officers being: President, Bessie Sutherland; Vice-President, Irene Castro; Secretary, Bessie Campbell. The members of the fall term put over a successful paper drive, netting about $400. This money did much toward the founding of the nursery. At Christmas time the club gave a party to the children of the nursery.

The officers for the spring term are: President, Evelyn Castro; Vice-President, Kathryn Phillips; Secretary; Thelma Rundberg; Treasurer, Ruby Hart. The faculty adviser is Miss Helen Olmstead. A novel Easter party was given for the Kindergarten children of the Tompkins school. This term the club is divided into committees, each having its special social service work. The Thrift Club, which works in conjunction with the Social Service Club, had for its president for the fall term May Cooper, and for the spring term, Edna May Bolander. The members have succeeded in making three large patch quilts out of scraps, and hope to do all they can in making use of surplus material.



SOCIAL SERVICE CLUB

Camp-Fire

IN January of this year there was organized at Roosevelt, Talahi, a group of that great National family which follows the law of the fire.

The purpose of the organization is to develop into wholesome womanhood the girl of today, and for this purpose each girl engages in the various crafts recommended to her.

A successful program of activities has been carried out under the able leadership of Margaret Seaver, assisted by her loyal officers: Mabel Bunnecke, Vice-President; Marion Donaldson, Secretary; Doris Davidson, Treasurer. Miss Kathleen Sheridan is faculty adviser.

Latin Club

The Latin Club is as old as the school. The present membership is eighty-five, with Miss Flora Mitchell as faculty adviser. The club meets once a month, and each semester the programs, offered by class groups in turn, include a musical, a luncheon as a social function, a playlet, and varied programs related to Latin.

The Officers	*Fall Semester*	*Spring Semester*
Consules (presidents)	Viola Carter Robert Sampson	Lurline Hansen Betty Turner
Scriptor (Secretary)	Jean Davidson	Phyllis Ferrier
Iuaester (treasurer)	Betty Turner	Evelyn Carr
Aediles (entertainment committee)	Sarah Mason Maxine Robles Harry Michel	Evalyn Flanagan Louise Bassford Maxine Robles



LATIN CLUB OFFICERS



Hilltop Workshop Players

OUR Hilltop Workshop Players, who were under the direction of Miss Doris E. McEntyre during the fall term and are now working with Marietta Voorhees, formerly of Technical, have kept up their high standard of production during their second year of activity. It is interesting to know that there are twenty-one members of the workshop, which is the exact number enrolled at this time last year. These twenty-one players feel that a definite contributor to the success of the past year is found in the fact that they have never faltered from their watchward "Together".

Because the players feel that voice is one of the most important factors in their work, Mrs. Vera Ingram, who deals in the field of voice particularly, is working with them for two periods four days each week.

A great deal of credit for the success of the workshop is due to other departments of the school. The stage craft class, led by their instructor, Miss Juanita Nicholson, has contributed appropriate atmosphere to the different plays by the beauty of their settings. The attractive costumes, made by the costume design class with Miss Mary Woodbury, and the special dancing class, instructed by Miss Irma Rayburn, have also added to each production.



Workshop Group

THREE one-act plays: "Neighbors", "Three Pills in a Bottle", and "Pierrot's Mother", were produced in the early fall with the various casts including almost everyone in the workshop.

"Neighbors" portrays the working of a small community and the way in which the neighbors think and act. The prim old grandmother was cleverly interpreted by Berniece Weimann, and her grandaughter, Inez, was played by Dorothy Dennisen with William Ramsey playing opposite Inez as Peter, the tanner. The three ladies: Miss' Abel, given by Julia McLaughlin, Miss' Trot, portrayed by Irene Castro, and Dorothy Clancy as Miss' Moran, set forth a clever bit of humor. Miss' Ellsworth, around whose activities the play centers, was interpreted by Margaret Mc Combs. Howard Thorpe played the character of Ezra Williams, with whom the ladies get very much disgusted, but who changes his attitude and is forgiven at the climax of the play.

"Three Pills in A Bottle" was a beautiful drama in which the fantastic setting added a great deal to the atmosphere. Tony, a small sick boy, causes a great deal of trouble for his hard working mother by giving all his pills, which comprise two years' savings, to the souls of the different people who pass by. Tony Simms was played by Caryl Brown, with Margaret Mc Combs as the widow. The passersby were given by Vincent Muriale, Walter Gouvea, and Joan Douglas, with Mona Agard, Bud Madsen, and Olivia Gonzales as the souls.

"Pierrot's Mother", the third play, was a beautiful and touching bit of fantasy in which Pierrot, Harry Arnott, and Pierrette, Catherine Stevens, were

finally united, after a quarrel, in the home of Pierrot's mother. Margaret McFarland played the part of the sweet understanding mother.

The second production of the season was given on Class Day in the form of a thrilling melodrama, "Miss Civilization". The three burglars, Walter Gouvea, Bud Madsen, and Howard Thorpe were held by the poise and power of one girl, Miss Civilization, given by Dorothy Clancy. She holds them until the police sergeant reaches the home and takes charge of them. The police sergeant, Sam Crabtree, congratulates Miss Civilization on her cleverness and poise in being able to hold the burglars without informing the mother, Margaret McCombs, of their presence.

The Christmas Festival

The Christmas pageant, a combination of last year's pageant "Peace on Earth", and a new pageant, "The Wolf of Gubio", was made more beautiful and effective by the introduction of the Beast, a character who has become so like a beast in his daily living that he looks the part physically. He becomes a man, however, through the power and faith of a youth, also a new character since last year.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Isaiah .... Lila Sterling
Hoseah .... Dorothy Dennisen
Joseph (*The Carpenter*) .... Stanley Nielsen
Mary (*The Mother*) .... Kathryn Phillips
Catherine Stevens
The Beast .... Vincente Muriale

The Youth——
Bernice Weimann
Catherine Stevens
Sam Crabtree

The Angel——
Miss Ruth Hayward

Shepherds——
Bernice Weimann
Irene Castro
Catherine Stevens
Julia Mc Laughlin
Margaret Mc Combs



Fauns and Dryads——
Miss Irma Rayburn
Olivia Gonzalez
Dorothy Clancy
Ruby Hart
Joan Douglas
Mona Agard
Wilma Wood

Kings——
Harry Arnott
Howard Thorpe
Bud Madsen
Dan Thornton
Arthur Middleton

Two scenes from John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" were produced for the students at an assembly in the early spring. Following this was the spring bill made up of four plays: "The Bishop's Candle Sticks", "Hearts to Mend", "The Violin Maker of Cremona", and "Moonshine", and a surprise act, "Two Slatterns and a King". In "The Bishop's Candle Sticks", our sympathy goes out to the young man who has been in prison, in Hell for four years. This convict, Jean Val Jean, was touchingly presented by Harold Phillips. William Ramsey took the character of the Bishop who saved Jean Val Jean from going back to Hell. Margaret Mc Farland and Helena Hayden completed the cast in the character of Perseme and Marie. "Hearts to Mend" is a fantasy in which Pierrot, Wilma Wood, and Pierrette, Ruby Hart, are shown the light through the artful work of the "Tins-to-mend man", portrayed by Arthur Middleton. "The Violin Maker of Cremona", the third play, brings forth a genuine feeling of human sympathy for the abused Hunchback, Phillipe. Phillipe was touchingly played by Caryl Brown. "Moonshine" is a clever comedy in which Jim, Frank Brunski, gets away from Luke, Sam Crabtree, by drawing on Luke's imagination and superstition. "Two Slatterns and a King", a delight-surprise act given in front of the curtain, which showed the powers of Chance, Margaret Mc Combs, in ruling the lives of the king, Dan Thornton, and the two rivals—Slut, Bernice Wiemann; and Tidy, Kathryn Phillips.

The next production was given for Public School Week, "What Men Live By." This was followed by a production for an assembly, "As Good as Gold." The purpose of this assembly was to promote drama appreciation among students.

The final play, which brought the season of 1926 to a close, was the production of "The Fool", a three-act play including almost every student in the workshop. The Fool brings out the fact that the calm and poised power of a young man can triumph over brute force. A man may be called a fool because he uses this method, but it is this that wins in the end. The Fool knew what most men do not—that the soul is the greatest human power in existence.





Girls' Glee

THE girls' glee is one of the most interesting and educational groups in the school, because of the voice culture and development attained.

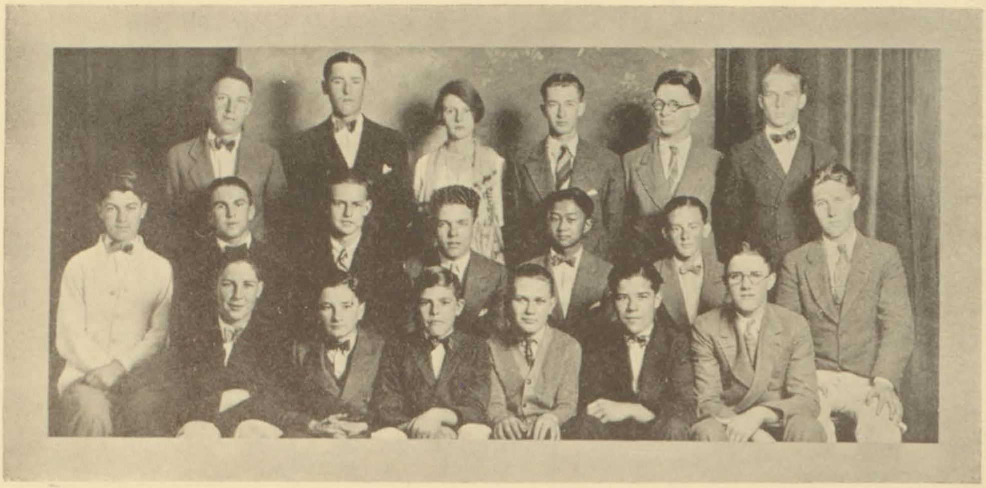
They have given very attractive programs and have studied the lives of composers.

During the fall term the girls divided themselves into groups of three and gave some charming programs. One of them was a Chinese program given by Annie Tong, Bertha Wong and Helen Wong, who sang songs in Chinese, Spanish, German and English. Another program was that given by Dorothy James, Barbara Maede and Grace Hovland. Some solos by Grieg were sung in German. Another attractive program was given by Cecilia Maihlo, Helena Stockholm and Helen Gould. Their program consisted of some selections of Beethoven, Franz, Brahms and Shubert.

During the term the girls contributed to the Thursday noon programs. Together with Miss Hayward they were able to render solos, duets, trios and piano numbers. Everyone who contributed felt that her efforts were appreciated by an attentive student body.

The girls also contributed to the P. T. A. meetings.

A feature of the girls' glee during the spring term has been the study of such composers as Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Shubert, and Robert Franz. Outside talent was obtained to play their compositions.



Boys' Glee

THE Boys' Glee has done some very active work throughout the year. They have tried to keep up Roosevelt's motto of being "a singing school." In the beginning of the fall term the boys organized themselves into a cooperative group, electing their officers and setting their rules and laws of behavior. Sam Crabtree was elected manager, Gus Donnelly assistant manager, and William Rinehart publicity manager. They formed from their number a splendid quintet, which consisted of Dave Norris, Gerald Billman, William Rinehart, Oliver Blanchard, and Stanley Nielson.

The boys supplied music throughout the term for assemblies, a Masonic Lodge, P. T. A. meetings, Arroyo Sanitarium, and Thursday noon programs. At the second birthday of Roosevelt, they gave a series of songs suitable for the occasion.

Miss Hayward's Class Day stunt, featuring the boys' glee, was extremely well done. This stunt entitled "The Poppourri of Music" included numbers by the boys, a dance by Miriam Gregory, and a group of songs by four Chinese girls who were dressed in typical Chinese costume.

The boys' glee, instead of having recitals, preferred to give their work individually.

A Virginia Romance

THE operetta, "A Virginia Romance", a musical comedy in two acts, was presented by the mixed glee on May 14, under the direction of Miss Ruth Hayward. Those taking part were: Catherine Stevens, William Rinehart, Della Mae Ogden, Oliver Blanchard, Leland Domes, Jay Gould, Mabel Swanson, Eleanor Chapdelaine, Esther Howe, Evelyn Castro, Helena Stockholm, Dave Norris, and Stanley Nielson. The members of the chorus were: Ruby Hart, Wilma Wood, Jole Merlo, Elizabeth Haley, Dorothy Wilson, Sarah Dason, Frances Pertosa, James Fraser, Orley Botts, Ernest Perry, Ray Schlenker, Elbert Rhoades, Kenneth Lundberg, Wilfred Pope. The glee was assisted by Mr. Olker and his orchestra with Barbara Meade as accompanist. The story of the operetta is as follows:

Colonel Haverly, like all southerners after the Civil War, is very much prejudiced against all northerners. His charming daughter, Miss Lou, however, has fallen in love with Jack Winthorpe, a northerner. Miss Lou's friends then enter into a conspiracy in order to overcome the prejudice of the Colonel. In this plan Jack rescues the Colonel from his runaway horse and gains the Colonel's favors. The operetta ends with a grand old-fashioned Virginia reel.

Miss Nicholson, through the art department, furnished a charming stage setting and Miss Woodbury, through the costume design and applied design classes, clothed the actors in costumes of the 19th century.





Kelsey Ottesen

Harold Bettner

Kenneth Loud

Billy Barr

me.

Orchestra

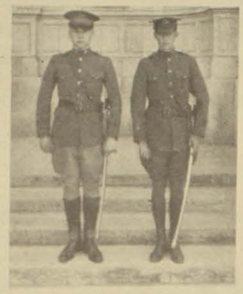
THE orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Olker, has increased doubly in quality and work. During the last year it has rendered music to programs of all types, and has spread its name still farther into the realms of music.

During the fall term it played for the opening meeting of the Teachers' Institute held at the Oakland Civic Auditorium. At the first of the spring term the group rendered music for the dedication ceremonies of the First Congregational Church of Oakland. Letters of appreciation and thanks were received by Mr. Olker. It was the feature on the open house program. The special orchestra, chosen by Mr. Olker, played a few appropriate numbers at the funeral of Miss Arlett. On Thursday evening, April 27, 1926, during education week, it supplied music for the Mason's night.

Besides playing for the outside world, the orchestra has given numbers for school programs. At the class day show, they gave some selections. When Mr. Glenn Woods, supervisor of music in the Oakland Public Schools, gave his lecture on "How to Listen to Music", the orchestra aided him by playing the "Merry Wives of Windsor". Mr. Woods had the orchestra play the theme of the piece and then the whole piece. Walter Larew, a member of the orchestra, from the drum section, gave a demonstration of rhythms. Then, too, the orchestra has given music for assemblies. Different members of the group have given solos in rallies and assemblies.

The orchestra has been greatly appreciated by the student body, radio admirers, Masons, and parents; and it hopes to grow and continue its excellent work under the sincere and earnest interest of Mr. Olker.



R. O. T. C.

THE Reserve Officers Training Corps in the Oakland high schools is an important factor in the work of training for citizenship, one of their most important duties. Any organization which aids materially in doing this work is a desirable and worthy factor. The R. O. T. C. emphasizes: patriotism, physical fitness, initiative, obedience, neatness, courtesy, discipline, and many virtues that are not given proper stress otherwise.

The Roosevelt Battalion this term made its greatest success as a military unit. It advanced by leaps and bounds in all that a battalion represents. This vast improvement was due to the Military Instructor, Sergeant Max Moore and the Battalion cadet officers. The Roosevelt Battalion of the R. O. T. C. Regiment led in all the finer qualities of a well-trained organization. Efficiency, neatness and courtesy were the main factors in its success.

Greater efficiency was added by many regular meetings and schools of the battalion commissioned and non-commissioned officers. Boards of officers were continually appointed from time to time for the transaction and investigation of the various affairs. These schools and meetings were with a purpose, which spelled success with precision, for every detail.

Brunski (Doc), former student-body President, was Roosevelt's first Colonel. He held all the highest ranks in the Oakland Regiment of R. O. T. C., being Lieutenant-Colonel on the Regimental Staff, then Colonel of the Regiment.

The ceremonies—parades, reviews and inspections were conducted with the finest spirit and pomp that any cadet organization could display. On the Government Inspection Wednesday, January 13, 1926, the Roosevelt Battalion ranked third in the Regiment of R. O. T. C. The results were as follows: U. H. S.—92.5; McC. H. S.—92.2; R. H. S.—91.5. If the Battalion had had a band it would have won the inspection. The cadet officers were rated the highest in the city. The Manual of Arms, General Appearance, Condition of Arms and Equipment were also rated the highest in the regiment.

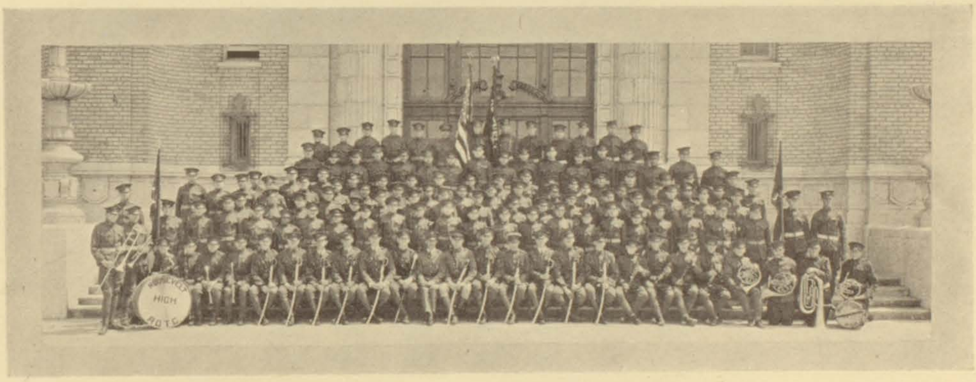
One weak point of the Battalion was removed by a set of Post Regulations inaugurated by Colonel Brunski (Doc). This quoted definitely the duties of the entire Battalion and its officers, either military or non-military.

The Seventh Annual Military Touranment of the R. O. T. C. Regiment was held May 21, 1926 in the Oakland Auditorium. The Roosevelt Battalion drilled long and hard to prepare for the competition, and every cadet deserves credit for the part he took in the event. The Battalion was in excellent form, demanding the attention of every spectator. The Oakland R. O. T. C. Regiment was in command of Roosevelt's Colonel. Captain B. Rice commanded the crack company which came through with real Roosevelt spirit.

Major H. Phillips (Hal) was in command of the Roosevelt Battalion on the Armistice Day Parade, November 11, 1925. Our Battalion made the finest showing of any unit in the line of march. The uniforms and equipment were the cleanest in the entire Regiment.

Athletics was gravely stressed by the senior cadet officers and every man had to choose some sport in order to continue in the R. O. T. C. Football, basketball and track were the main forms of athletics. There was great rivalry aroused between the two companies, A and B, each seeking the championship of the Roosevelt Ba.ttalion.

Colonel A. F. Brunski contributed a piece of written work, which is known as the Battalion History, which has brought life to the activities of the Roosevelt Battalion since the first day the R. O. T. C. was ushered into the school. Colonel Brunski inaugurated this with the intention that the Battalion History may ever live in R. H. S. always to bring back memories of the Battalion activities and fellowship.



The Roosevelt Battalion adopted the following slogans: "Try Courtesy First," "Great is Moral Cleanliness," and "Discipline is the Basis of Success."

The Rifle Team continued its fine work under the direction of Captain W. Wood during the fall semester, and during the spring semester under the direction of Major H. Phillips. The Rifle Team placed high in all its tournaments with other Battalions of the Regiment. In the Ninth Corps Area and Hearst Trophy matches, Roosevelt placed third in the Regiment. All the men have gone under extensive training in the use of the rifles.

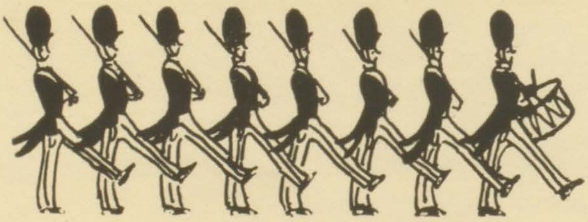
Th Fife and Drum Corps, the first of its kind in the Oakland Regiment of R. O. T. C., was a unique unit. The Battalion Band was in command of Second Lieutenant Carl Pfaff, who had many years previous experience in commanding music details. He had given much of his time for the success of the band and the drum corps.

The officers for the fall semester were cadets: Lieutenant-Colonel A. F. Brunski (Uncle Tony), (Doc), Major H. Phillips (Ostrich), Captain G. Levering (Stubby), Captain W. Wood (Babyface), First Lieutenant B. Rice (Streams), First Lieutenant F. Whitburn (Fanny), First Lieutenant L. Cederborg (Sam), Second Lieutenant S. J. Crabtree (Sambo), and Bandmaster Carl Pfaff (Woof).

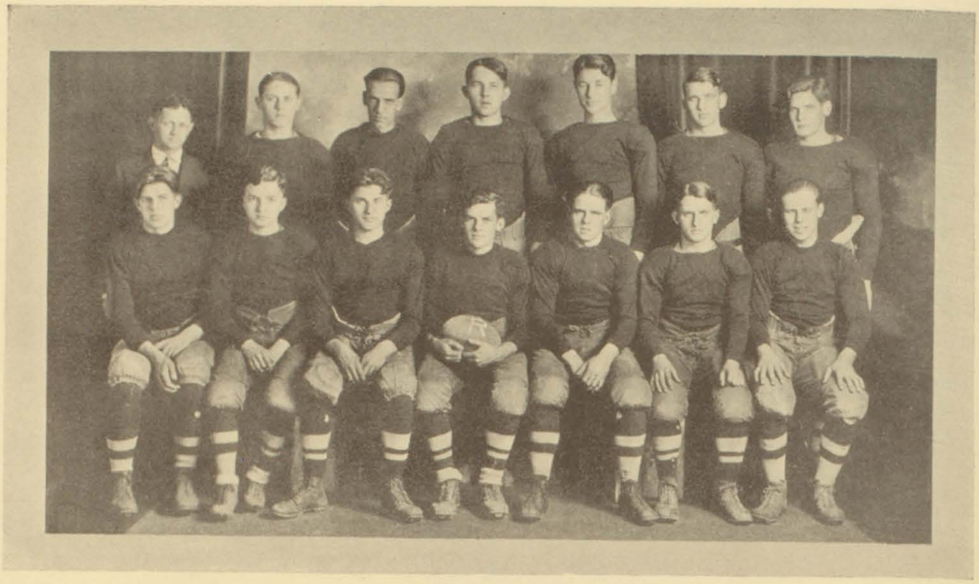
The officers for the spring semester were cadets: Colonel A. F. Brunski (Uncle Tony) (Doc), Major H. Phillips (Ostrich) (Hal), Captain J. Crabtree (Sambo), Captain B. Rice (Streams), Captain F. Whitburn (Fanny), First Lieutenant R. Oldershaw (Curly), First Lieutenant A. Currier (Skippy), First Lieutenant O. Kelley (Bud), Second Lieutenant M. Happ (Happy), Second Lieutenant W. Dahl, and Second Lieutenant D. Stuart (Doug).

The cadet privates were the finest trained in the city as they were eager to do all the movements with precision. They cannot be too highly congratulated for the fine spirit, courtesy and initiative that they have shown as individuals.

The "esprit de corps" of all the cadets—privates, non-commissioned, and commissioned officers—developed such a strong Battalion that it will carry on persistently for many semesters to come.







Football

THE second year of football was a repetition of that of the first team as far as scoring was concerned. No scores were made by our team, but a better offensive and defensive game was developed.

In the first practice game Bob Norman, a scrappy halfback, broke his leg and was out the rest of the season. In a later game George Glenn was injured and was kept out part of the season. In the backfield, Captain Teahan, Phillips, and Glenn were our most consistent ground gainers. Baker and Walker, though light, made up for their weight in speed and fight. In the line Captain-elect Lopez, was a tower of strength on both offensive and defensive. Cameron, Lawson and Rodgers, tackles, and Temme and Gouvea, guards, also played good consistent football. Sandstrom, Abrams, and Libby held down the end positions. It was due mainly to the untiring efforts of Coach Elwood Allison that the fighting spirit, noticeable in every game, was kept up in the players.

The fellows who will leave by the diploma route are: Elmer Teahan, Leroy Cameron, Mark Seavers, Harold Phillips, Reginald Walker, Bob Sandstrom, and Walter Gouvea.



Basketball

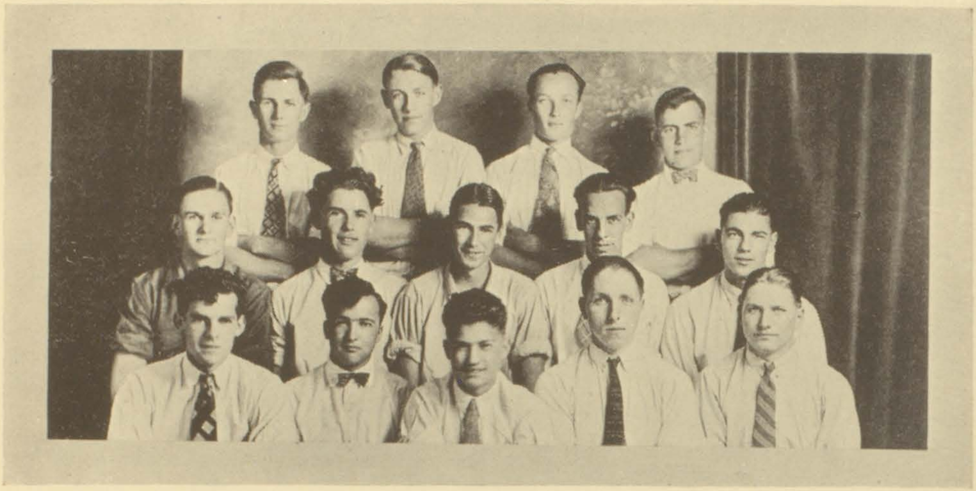
FOR the first time in the history of Roosevelt a Crimson varsity was a serious contender for the O. A. L. championship. The Crimson quintet was one of the best and hardest-playing teams in the league.

The team enjoyed a successful practice season. They played fifteen games and lost but two. Both these games were by tight scores.

In the O. A. L. our varsity team beat Technical and Fremont. The fellows showed that they had to fight when they came from behind to win both these games. The team lost to Oakland, University, and Mc Clymonds by small scores.

Captain Bob Sandstrom at running guard and Dave Hatch at standing guard, played a good all round game. Charles Roberts at center was a good defensive player besides being the best on the team. Harry Miller and Clinton Bell, forwards, played their positions to perfection. Captain-elect George Glenn could play any position and play it well.

Captain Bob Sandstrom will be the only player to graduate in June, 1926.



Crew

THERE was a large turnout and from this a fairly good crew was picked. On the practice tilts the crew was fairly successful, winning from the strong Lowell team of San Francisco. On the O. A. L. they were not nearly so successful, for they placed last.

The fellows had practiced hard for many weeks and were in good trim when they entered the race, but they were up against stronger and more experienced crews.

Captain Bill Hamilton, coxswain, was the only one to graduate. He will be greatly missed because he was not only a good coxswain but also a leader whom all the fellows looked up to. Captain-elect Mark Seaver will have nearly a veteran crew this year and should place out of the last position.

The line up for the O. A. L. was as follows:

Starboard		Port
Phillips	Stroke	Neilson
Murray	1	Pfaff
Olsen	2	Mathney
Olsen	3	Seaver
Aynsworth	4	Libby
Balthes	Bow	Norman



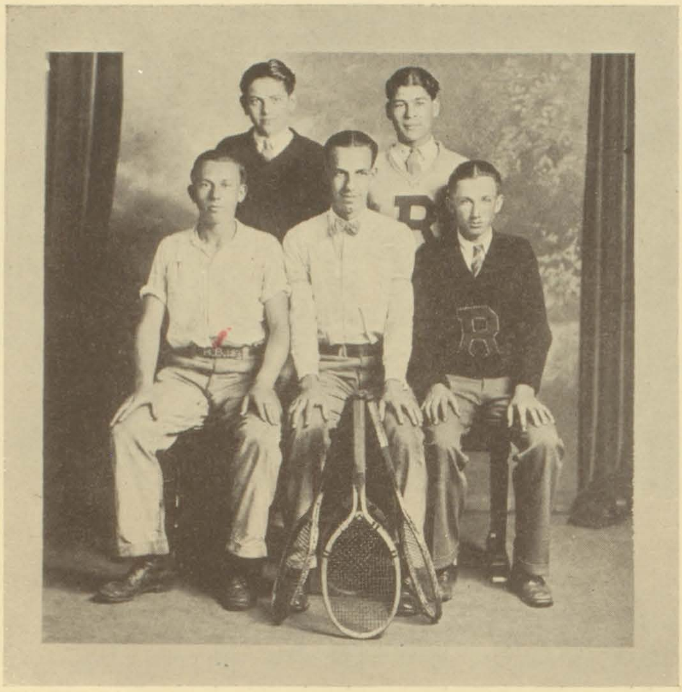
Track

THE showing of our track team in the O. A. L. was not up to expectations. On the practice season the team won from Fremont, University and Mission and lost to McClymonds and Alameda. These victories show the strength of our team.

The team scored seven points in the O. A. L. meet. Five of them were made by Maurice Baker, star sprinter, when he took third in the 100 yard dash and second in the 220 yard dash. Captain Lloyd Joyce scored two points when he copped third in the 440 yard dash.

The relay team which had won in all practice meets and which was expected to win in the O. A. L., dropped the baton and so were out of the running.

The fellows who ran in the O. A. L., but did not place are: Reginald Walker and Howard Thorpe in 100 and 220; Dave Norris and Kenneth Derby in the 440; Richard Corbett, Harry Miller and Henry Luders in the hurdles. Bob Westdahl, Harold Beatty, and Richard Corbett were entered in the mile and Phil Davidson was our only reliable weight man. Ferguson competed in the pole vault and Fletcher in the broad jump.



Tennis

THE tennis team was the first O. A. L. team to pull Roosevelt out of the bottom position. University won the title while our team took fourth place.

Captain Mark Seaver had much material to pick from as there was a large turnout for the team.

Warren Mc Intyre played first singles. Warren was the best man in the squad and he scored many victories.

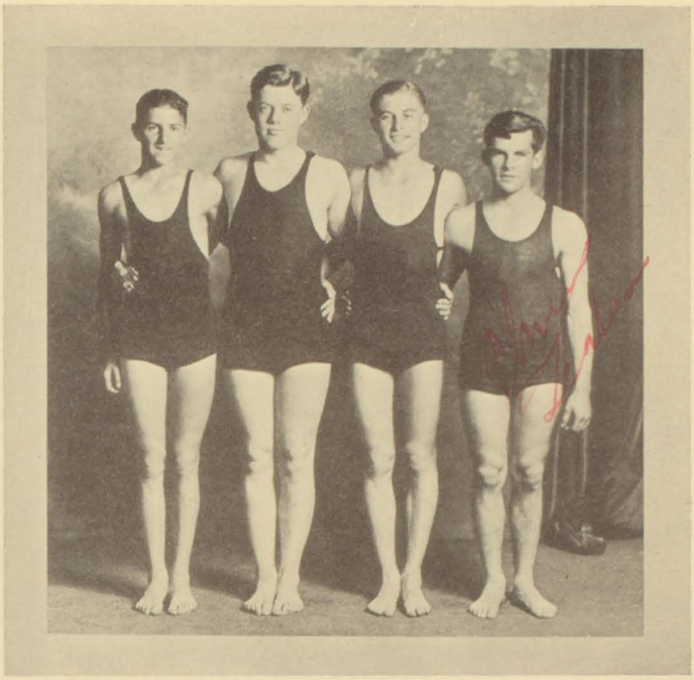
Captain elect, Arnold Nelson, played second singles. He could always be depended upon to play his best.

In the first doubles there were Chippy Rogers and Captain Mark Seaver. These two played a good game and were responsible for a good many wins.

Playing in second doubles were Jerome Douglas and Robert Holcomb. These fellows, while they didn't win many games, could always be relied upon to fight their hardest.

Next year's team looks good. Only one of the veterans will be gone. Chippy Rogers will be lost by graduation.

The fellows who played on the 1925 team were Captain Seaver, Captain elect Nelson, Douglas, Holcomb, McIntyre, and Rogers.



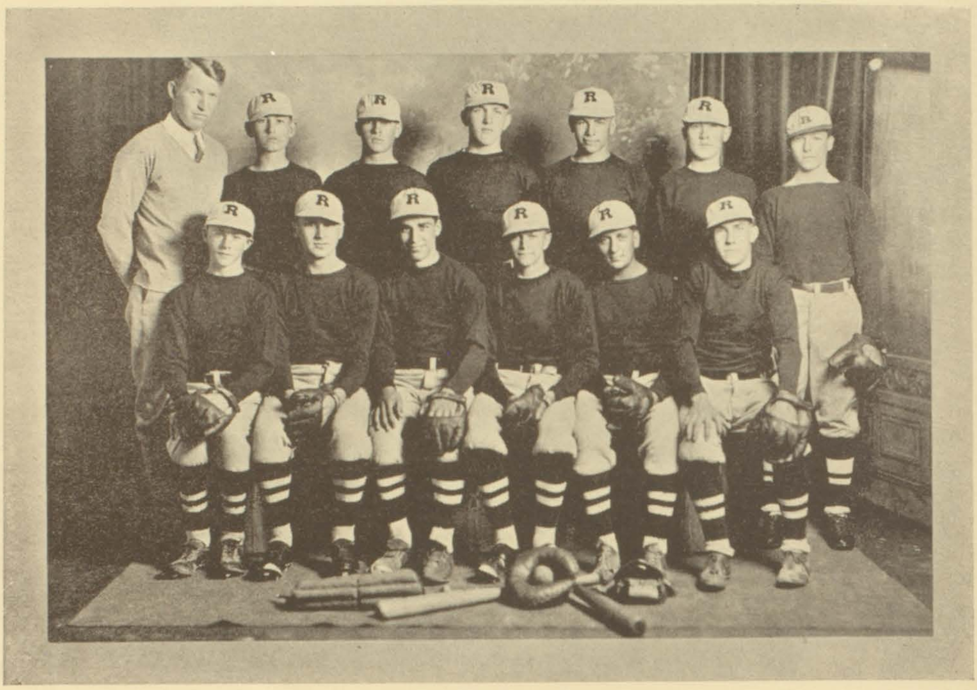
Swimming

DUE to an epidemic of infantile paralysis, there was no O. A. L. swimming meet last year. But a local newspaper offered a prize for the fastest relay team and a team from Roosevelt entered. They failed to place.

The fellows on the team were: Rufus Rucker, Don McPherson, Paul Harold and Elmer Teahan. They worked hard preparing for the meet but were not discouraged with the result, for they were up against keen competition.

Don McPherson also entered the dive, and although he did not place he acquired a world of experience. Phil Patterson, who coached the team, says that Don has a great future.

All the fellows with the exception of Elmer Teahan will be here next year and they should be able to gather some points in the O. A. L.



Baseball

ROOSEVELT'S second year of baseball, as far as winning was concerned was not as successful as the first year. The team scored only one victory in the first series, when they beat Oakland High 6 to 5 in a hard-fought contest.

In the pre-league games we won most of our games, but the fellows did not keep this stride in the league games.

Our first game was with Tech, which we lost 1 to 0. Then we lost to University, Fremont, McClymonds, and won from Oakland.

James Vierra, star pitcher, is one of the best players on the team, for he is not only one of the leading pitchers in the league but is also an able man with the willow. Captain Audley Cowan is also playing a good brand of ball at shortstop besides getting his share of hits.

The line up: Alfred Rego, catcher; James Vierra, pitcher; Bob Curran, first base; Jack Nieuhas, second base; Captain Audley Cowan, shortstop; Russell Olson, third base; Mervin Robinson, left field; Durwood Evers, center field; Bob Sandstrom, right field; Jack Close, right field and catcher; Doug Close, left field and pitcher.



Block R Society

WHEN the Roosevelt block letter men formally agreed to the Block "R" Constitution, (which was drawn up by letter men) and then installed their officers, the Student Body at Roosevelt tendered them passing notice.

Within a fortnight this youngest school organization had given promise of power by their efficient selling and collecting of tickets to the first baseball game of the year.

Since that time the Block Society has come into more strength by regular degrees. Much of the talent and many of the programs for various rallies were cared for by these Block men.

In the short time they have been organized they have secured more material for the various varsities and weight teams and then had larger crowds for the games than had been done heretofore.

The officers for the spring term were: Mark Seaver, President; George Glenn, Vice-President; Audley Cowen, Secretary; and Charles Temme, Treasurer. Mr. Elwood Allison and Mr. Egbert Polley are the faculty advisers.

Yell Leaders

GRR - RRR - RRR - RAH!

CRIMSON VARSITY

TEDDY ROOSEVELT'S

VARSITY

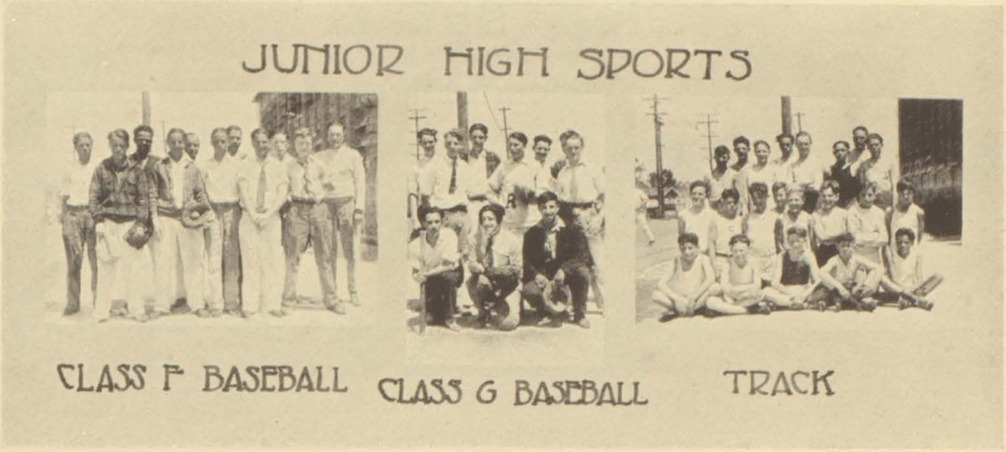
GRR - RRR - RRR - RAH!

George Magnus
'26

Lee Domes
'25, '26

Elbert Rhoads
'25, '26





Junior Boys' Athletics

JUNIOR Boys' Sports have been very successful in the past term. We have won two city championships besides getting many teams into the finals.

In handball five teams were entered and one city championship was won by Harold Hoberg of class C. Four teams were entered in speedball. They all advanced to the finals but were defeated. In basketball we entered four teams. Two were in the finals. Class C won the city championship; Class F lost by the tight score of 8 to 7. Mr. Bock stated that they gave as fine an exhibition of junior high basketball as he had ever seen. This is a compliment, for Mr. Bock has seen many teams. At present there are five teams entered in baseball and about 50 boys in the track meet.

The motto of the junior high is to give every boy a chance and to have a large number competing, regardless of win or lose.

Girls' Sports

Speedball

ALTHOUGH this sport was just introduced this term, it has proven to be the most popular sport of the season. When football was dropped from the Michigan Intramural schedule three years ago, a search was begun for a fall game to take its place. This resulted in speedball, which is a combination of soccer and basket ball. Some of the advantages of the new game are that it combines passing, kicking, and dribbling. Speedball is played on a field similar to a football field. There is also a penalty area in front of each goal, much the same as in new basketball rules. There are three means of scoring from the field. The first is when the ball is kicked under the crossbar, the second is when a forward pass is received in the end zone behind the goal line, and the third is when the ball is drop-kicked over the crossbar and between the uprights.

The scores of the interclass speedball games were: Seniors vs. Sophomores, 6-0; Seniors vs. Juniors, 7-1; Sophomores vs. Juniors, 12-0. Following are the names of the best players of the interclass speedball series: Wakako Domoto, Tukuko Domoto, Annie Tong, Mildred Haslam, Jean Davidson, Ida Eggers, Muriel Suhl, Helena Stockholm, Edith Thompson, Grace Badie, Viola Carter, Clara Marcus, Yoke Wong, Grace Hovland, Doris Downing, and Gertrude Mc Cann. The high point girls for the seniors were: Helena Stockholm, Gertrude Mc Cann, and Grace Hovland. At the end of the inter-class series the seniors were the victors.

Rifle Club

A big improvement has been shown in the rifle club since last year. The girls are very enthusiastic about rifle and many new members have been added. Sergeant Max Moore is in charge and there is a regular meeting every Wednesday. The president of the club is Marion Donaldson, and Marie Dietz is the secretary.

Crew

This is one of the most interesting sports of the season, during which great competition is carried on, and much hilarity is brought forth. More than one hundred and sixty girls turned out for crew this term. Coxwains are: Doris Bressem, Marion Donaldson, Marie Dietz, Rose Rothman, Bessie Campbell, and Dora Worth. Pilots are Ruth Parker, Marjorie Philpitt, Charlotte Hanley, Genevieve Richter, Margaret Graham and Inez Theobold. May 25th is the date of the Regatta.

Basketball

ALTHOUGH this was not the most popular sport this year, all during the season much enthusiasm was stimulated. Conscientious practicing made keen competition between the sophomore and junior teams, resulting in the juniors being victorious. The junior team lineup was as follows: Forwards—Mabel Bunneke, Helen Eilers, Harriette Romayne; Centers—Margaret Seavers, Della Giles, Viola Carter; Guards—Darian Donaldson, Ruth McCabe, Naomi Sturges. Sophomore team: Forwards—Maryann Rice, Margaret Ramsall, Clara Marchus; Centers—Jean Davidson, Margaret Graham, Florence Foley; Guards—Wakako Domoto, Dolores Gallagher, Helen Dallendorfer. Senior team: Forwards—Bessie Sutherland, Mabel Swanson, Viola Schmidt; Centers—Barbara Johnson, Muriel Suhl, Anna Cox, Ruby Hart; Guards—Tukuko Domoto, Evelyn Castro, Louise Raisin. The final scores were as follows: Juniors vs. Seniors, March 9, 1926, 14-8; Sophomores vs. Juniors, March 10, 5-7; Seniors vs. Sophomores, March 12, 5-20. The high point girls were Maryan Rice and Mabel Bunneke.

Volley Ball

This season, though short, was one of the snappiest and most successful. The junior team won this series only after a hard battle with the seniors. The teams were as follows: Junior team—Rose Rothman, Mabel Bunneke, Bessie Campbell, Marjorie Maring, Bertina Cole, Verna Strohlein, Marion Donaldson, Jean Davidson, Beryle Hewer, Helen Eilers, Viola Carter, Beatrice Campbell, Genevieve Rickter, and Lois Hicks. Captain, Mable Bunneke. Seniors—Evelyn Castro, Virginia McKinnon, Anna Cox, Jean Zeis, Ethel Ostman, Grace Hovland, Tokuko Domoto, Alice Cunningham, Helena Stockholm, Gertrude Willard, Eleanor Olson, Mary Simmons. Captain, Barbara Johnson. Sophomores—Margaret Ramsell, Frances Rosenblum, Wakako Domoto, Dorothea Gustafson, Anna Hansen, Florence Foley, Dolores Gallagher, Isabel Swartz, and Mildred Haslam. Captain, Wakako Domoto.

The final scores were: Seniors vs. Juniors, 8-11, 11-5, 0-11. Sophs. vs. Juniors, 5-11, 8-11.

Directors

To our advancement and our good sportsmanship we owe our deep gratitude to Miss Rayburn, Miss Hansen, Miss Hobbs, and Mrs. Polley. Through them we have obtained examples of courtesy, fair play, and right living. Our success has been through the guidance of our instructors, and we greatly appreciate their help and interest in us.

Jean Tuttle





COACHES





SPEEDBALL





BASKETBALL





CREW





RIFLE TEAM





VOLLEY BALL

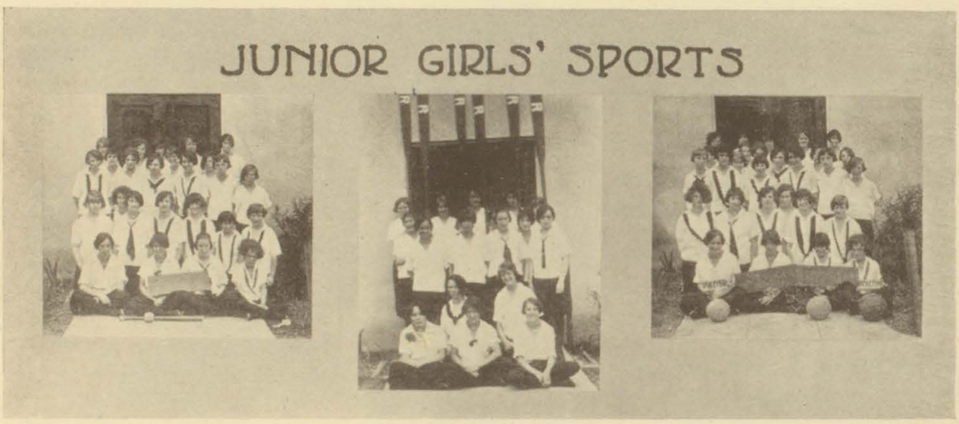
Junior Girls' Athletics

MANY things have been accomplished in the Junior department this year. During the Playday season various games were played by the Junior division. Speedball and Kickball were won by the C-D and E classification; Batball and Hitpin baseball were won by the D's and G's; Indian club and Nine court were won by the D-F and G's.

Enthusiastic groups have played baseball and handball. The most popular sport was rowing; every year two crews are allowed to enter the Regatta, which proves to be one of the most exciting events of the year. Awards are made to the winning crews of the Regatta.

The posture parade brings forth keen competition, not only inter-class but inter-school rivalry. Ribbons are again going to be worn with I. S. U. S. on them, and added to this there will be emblems which may be worn on the bloomers. To gain these coveted awards, it is necessary to maintain good posture at all times. Make Posture a Habit!

The Junior department, which is not as large as the senior high, carries on the competition between Roosevelt and the other various junior high schools. So far the Juniors have been very successful and we certainly cannot express our appreciation enough to Mrs. Polley for the enthusiasm and loyality which enter into the spirit of the games.



THE YEAR IN BRIEF



Jokes

Professor—The geologist is used to thinking in terms of centuries.
Lad—Gosh, I just loaned a geologist two berries.

"Go thou, daughter," said a loving parent, handing her a package of spearmint and a dictionary of slang, "go thou and be a stenographer."

Son—Pop, what is the Latin word for "people"?
Father—I don't know.
Son—I guess "populi".
Father—What, you young scoundrel, lie, do I? Woodshed for you.

Breathes there the student with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
School be hanged, I'm going to bed!

Conductor (examining transfer)—This transfer expired an hour ago, Miss.
Yetta—Well, no wonder with not a single ventilator open in the whole car.

Nature cannot jump from
winter to summer without a
spring or from summer to
winter without a fall.

Marks: In Germany—nothing. In Roosevelt—twice as much.

A pretty good firm is Watch & Wait.
Another still is Attit, Early & Late,
And still another is Doo & Darit,
But the best is probably Grin & Barrett

Atlas must have been a senior. He carried the world on his shoulders.

All is not bliss that blisters.

"I want a pair of socks," said the worthy Mark Seaver.
Clerk—What number.
Mark—Two, of course, do I look like a centipede?

A cautious look around he stole
His bags of chink he chunk
And many a wicked smile he smole
And many a wink he wunk.

Ode to the Notebook

A notebook, I'll say, is the height of distaste,
I hate them, I curse them, as a terrible waste,
Why can't we learn all that we need to in class,
And not have all the work to do in a mass?
To outline a chapter, what good does it do?
Is that going to help you out of the rue?
What you should do in spare moments, I think
Is to dream and to draw and to wink and to blink.
So here's to the notebook, I'll do I suppose
Though I could punch the assigner right square in the nose.
But I make this promise (tho I think it's a sin)
Next time for notebooks—mine will be in!



Spring Fever

(Lines written in an English room—with Spring outside!)

Oh the day is so warm
And my head feels so queer
And out of the window
The hills seem so near
My thoughts seem to wander
They're not on "Macbeth".
If I should get called on
'Twould scare me to death.
For I don't know the place
And what's more I don't care.
What's a "five" more or less
When spring's in the air?
So I guess I'll just loaf
Though report cards I fear;
For what does it matter
When spring time is here?

Ruth Entelman, June, '27

Jokes

Talk about your absent-minded professor; how about Mr. Polley who scratched his pancakes and poured molasses down his back?

Cordell Durrell was reading the following sentence: "On the horizon appeared a splendid—

"Barque", prompted Miss Voorhees.

Cordell (starting): "No!"

"Barque", she persisted.

"Bow-wow", said Cordell, weakly.

Blunck—What was the commotion in class this morning?

Doty—Well, Bob Sandstrom was dozing and when Miss Tuttle read off a list of page numbers for the next assignment, poor old Bob tried an end run.

Freshman—Emerald Stone

Sophomore—Blarney Stone

Junior—Grind Stone

Senior—Tomb Stone

"OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS BUT ONCE"
I KNOCK ALL THE TIME
LET ME DO YOUR KNOCKING
—Chas. Bowen.

GIVE YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO
"THE DAILY EXPLOSION"
To Bernie Rosenblum

LET ME MAKE YOUR HAIR CURLY IN
THIRTY LESSONS
—Dave Norris

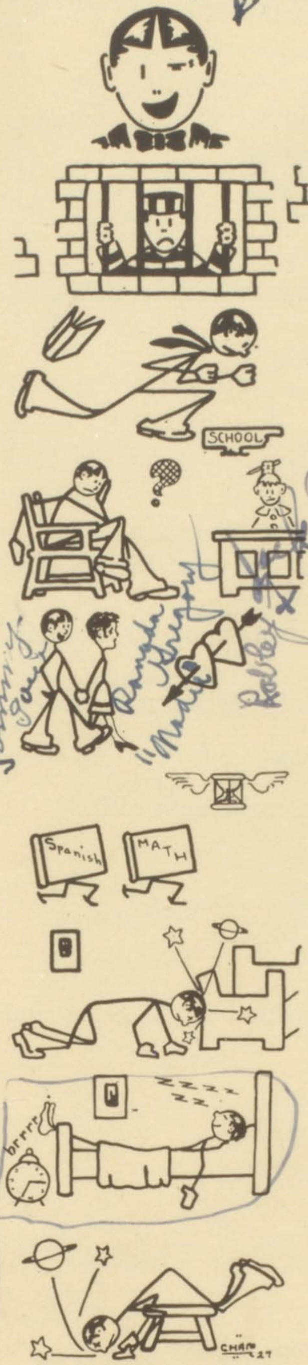
DOMES ADVERTISING AGENCY
LET ME PUT IT OVER BIG
—Lee Domes, Prop.

LET US TRIP THE LIGHT FANTASTIC
AT YOUR SOCIAL FUNCTIONS
—Seaver & Holdsworth.

TRY MY OWN CHEMICAL COMPOUNDS
MAY BE TAKEN
INTERNALLY, EXTERNALLY AND
ETERNALLY
A. Doty & Co.

JUST OUT! TRY THAT CURE FOR THE
MONDAY MORNING BLUES
Mr. Polley.

TRY MY METHOD FOR GROWING TALL
SOLD IN BOTTLES ONLY
PATENTED *Gloomy Donnelly*



Strenuous Life!

R. H. Stupid is a happy lad,
But the life he leads is very sad.
He makes his rounds from bell to bell,
It's a wonder he's not in a padded cell.
He's up in the morning at 7:15
Looks out the window, the weather is keen.
'Tis an ideal day for a hike or swim,
But a life of drudgery was chosen for him.
He hops into his clothes with added haste
His breakfast quickly goes to *waist;*
Then off to school at a rapid trot
He rushes to roll call, panting and hot.
Each day he faces the teachers' wrath
In Spanish, English, History, and Math
When he tries to put over the old time bluff,
"I study hard, but I can't learn that stuff."
The bell sounds the sweetest at 3:16
When he runs to the corner to meet his fair queen.
Sighing he leaves her at her front door
A glance at his watch; it's half past four!
The wings of Time are terribly fleet,
Before he knows it, it's time to eat.
Then to the Math, and Spanish too,
If those fiendish teachers only knew.
The work's not done, but his eyelids fall,
He must go to bed in spite of all.
He struggles and stumbles and drags and crawls
'Till he reaches those four familiar walls.
Falling exhausted upon the bed
His neck's too weak to support his head.
Then tired and worn on the bed he lies
And slowly closes his weary eyes.
A crash disturbs the quiet there
He jumps to his feet, barks his shin on a chair.
First curses, then sighs as he starts on the run.
He jams off the alarm. Another round has begun!

—Jesse Holdsworth.

Miss Olmstead—How do you like the "Passing of Arthur"?
Bright—I ain't up in football. What team is he on?

Remember the steam kettle—although up to its neck in hot water it continues to sing.

J. McSweeney—May I have the William of Fare?
Waiter—The what?
J.—The William of fare. I don't know him well enough to call him Bill.

Mr. Wells—What's your idea of wasting time?
Bill Smith—Telling hair-raising jokes to a bald-headed man.

To gossips we no longer go—we get it now by radio.

Cowan (reading)—Think of those Spaniards going 3000 miles on a galleon.
Evers—Aw, forget it. Yuh can't believe all you hear about those foreign cars.

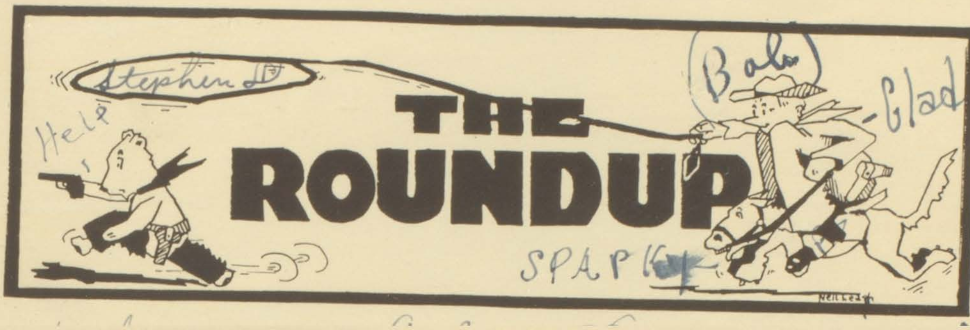
"How did you like the ruins of Pompeii?" asked a mother of her son who had just returned from Europe.

"I didn't see them, ma. They were so dreadfully out of repair that I thought it wouldn't pay."

Electricity in Franklin's time was a wonder. Now we make light of it.

Mrs. Jones—Waiter, bring me a typographical error.
Waiter—We have none, ma'am.
Mrs. Jones—Well, here it is on the menu.

From a freshie's book review—Tom and Huck had witnessed the crime and were now almost historic.


THE ROUNDUP

Stehen

Dodge

R. Ashley.

E. Crowne